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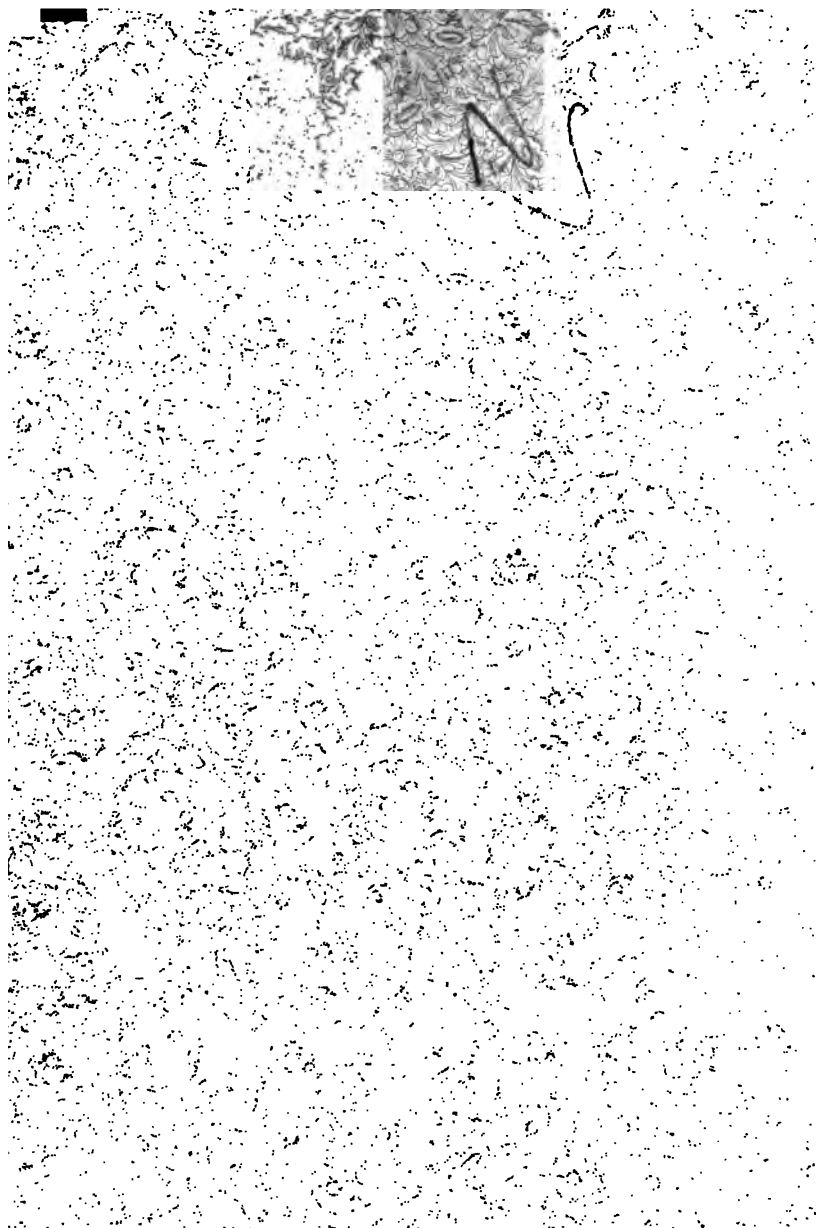
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THE CIRCLE OF SEASONS







THE CIRCLE OF SEASONS.

THE
CIRCLE OF SEASONS.

Hymns and Verses

FOR THE SEASONS OF THE CHURCH.

BY

R. E. V.,

AUTHOR OF 'A CIRCLE OF SAINTS,' 'NO NIGHT, ETC.

With an Introduction by

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INTRODUCTION.



HAVE been asked to write a few lines, by way of introduction, to this little volume of verses. I have no claim to criticise them; all that I can do is to say that the serious earnestness and Christian endurance of the writer give her verses a claim to consideration quite apart from any intrinsic value which they may possess.

I sincerely trust that 'The Circle of Seasons' may be of value to those many earnest people to whom the subjective aspect of truth is helpful.

T. B. DOVER, M.A.

THE CIRCLE OF SEASONS.

ADVENT.

A LITANY FOR ADVENT.



OD, the Blessed Three in One,
God the Father, Spirit, Son,
Unto Thee be worship done:
Hear us, Holy Trinity.

Jesu, Who didst leave Thy Throne,
Lay aside Thy robe and crown,
That Thou mightest save Thine own:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, Who didst come below,
In all want and in all woe,
Life upon us to bestow:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, Who wert still on high,
When Thou camest here to die,
Unto Thee Thy people cry:
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

The Circle of Seasons.

Jesu, Who in weakness came
Here to take a mortal frame,
Thou Who wearest still the same :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, Who didst come to share
Every ill we have to bear—
Sickness, sorrow, want, and care :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, Who wilt come again
With the holy angel train,
But no more to suffer pain :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, Who the bad wilt smite,
Who wilt justify the right,
Seated on Thy Throne so white :
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, when Thine angels reap,
And the husks from grain do sweep,
May we have no cause to weep :
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

Jesu, when Thine angels great
Goats from sheep do separate,
At Thy Right Hand may we wait :
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

From forgetfulness of Thee,
From all pride and heresy,
And from Satan's enmity :
Save us, Holy Jesu.

From the world's distracting din,
From the lures of pleasant sin,
From distrust our hearts within :
Save us, Holy Jesu.



THE CIRCLE OF SEASONS.

The Circle of Seasons.

We are Thine ; thus keep us ever.
 Nothing from Thy love can sever
 Us, excepting sin :
 Thou canst keep us pure and lowly,
 So when comes Thy Feast-day holy
 We its joys may win.

When we hear the angels singing,
 And of Heaven the joy-bells ringing,
 And thy Face we see,
 May we to Thine eastward brightness
 Pass in robes of purest whiteness,
 There to worship Thee.



JUDGMENT.

IN the East the light will gather
 Some day, but we know not when,
 And the Glory of the Father
 Then will come to judge all men :
 From their graves the dead will rise,
 See the throne set in the skies—
 Lord, have mercy, now we pray,
 When shall come that solemn day !

Then the angels will stand reaping,
 And the good pass to the right ;
 While, amidst their bitter weeping,
 Wicked ones go into night :
 When has come that day of dread,
 Jesu, Lord, lift up my head ;
 Clothe me in the holy dress
 Of Thine own true righteousness.

When the Judge the leaf is turning
Of the great and awful book,
May He there, our names discerning,
Bid us then to upward look :
All whose names are written there
His eternal joys will share ;
In that book, Lord, of Thy grace,
Find for our poor names a space.
Righteous Judge, now to Thee kneeling,
While doth last this day of grace,
Pray we that, Thy will revealing,
Thou wilt aid us in life's race.
When that day shall come at last,
Time of grace will then be past ;
When its light shall on us shine
May we then be found as Thine.
Thou our Brother thus be ever :
May Thy Judgeship ne'er avail
To that Name hide ; may we never
At Thee as Condemner quail.
This, O Lord, is all our trust,
That Thou'lt raise us from the dust,
And wilt take us home to Thee
For a blest Eternity.



ADVENT SUNDAY.

THY first descent we celebrate,
And for Thy second coming wait,
O Christ, Who came to earth to take
Our flesh that we to good might wake.
All here was dark till Thy blest Birth
Brought joy and light to waiting earth ;

The Circle of Seasons.

So in these hearts that wait for Thee
May we a holy Advent see.

In weakness once Thou camest here,
As Infant small didst first appear;
But 'neath those veils of weakness we
Thy Godhead and Thy power can see.

We wait for that last Advent hour
When Thou shalt come again in power;
Grant we may so this first one keep
That at the last we may not weep.

Then judge us now, O Lord, we pray,
That we may shrink not at Thy day,
From us all evil purge and burn,
So we to Thee in joy shall turn.

O Advent King, all praise to Thee
From men and angels ever be,
With Father and with Spirit blest,
Great One in Three for aye confessed. Amen.

**FOR ADVENT SUNDAY.**

THE Church's year begins to-day,
Now to our Lord and King we pray
That seasons that before us lie
May every soul with strength supply,
That better than the time that's gone
May be the seasons coming on.

Each year that passes nearer brings
The advent of the King of kings;
The time we know not, yet His grace
Reminders in our path doth place,
That when the last great trump shall sound,
Prepared for Him we may be found.

And holy Advent hours we know
When to the altar blest we go,
And, hidden more than when He came,
And in the manger took our frame,
He comes to hearts with joy that ache,
As in them He a Home doth make.

He often comes in lowly guise,
As Infant blest, Physician wise,
As faithful Friend, as Gardener kind,
As Shepherd Who lost sheep doth find;
And may we always know His Voice,
And in His Presence blest rejoice.

So when shall come the advent dread,
We may with joy lift up our head,
With trustful heart, though faces pale,
Look up, and our Redemption hail;
Then in the land of endless day
Dwell with our King and Lord for aye.



OUR JUDGE.

‘Judge not, and ye shall not be judged.’

GOD is Judge for evermore,
Heaven and earth in awe adore,
Bending low His throne before.

On His creatures from His throne,
In calm judgment He looks down,
As they win or lose their crown.

With His judgments love doth blend,
One from other will not rend,
Love with judgment He will send.

The Circle of Seasons.

At His heavenly mercy-seat
Judgment doth with mercy meet,
There the circle is complete.

To the earthly judge's ear
Things in differing lights appear—
To our Maker all is clear.

Sometimes moved by pity weak,
Earthly judges sentence speak,
Guilty ones their favour seek.

God the Judge, enthroned on high,
Will not to base fear reply,
But He hears contrition's cry.

Here on earth a sentence hard
Sometimes will small guilt reward—
Justice true is with the Lord.

God the Judge, in pity strong,
Waiteth for His banished long,
Aids him to depart from wrong.

Yet His guilty creatures dare
In His judgment to take share,
They presumptuous sentence bear.

One will judge his brother weak,
All his trespass out will seek,
Over him hard sentence speak ;

Will not own that, tempted sore,
Low he fell the foe before,
And doth sorrow evermore ;

Will not see how he doth rise
Higher with his tear-dimmed eyes,
From earth's mist to holy skies.

We who so much mercy need,
Make our brother's heart to bleed,
Judge, instead of intercede.

May the Judge in mercy now
O'er us in our weakness bow,
Make our love to others grow.

Grant that we may look upon
All the evil we have done,
And all judging others shun.

That we see our own sins great,
Judgment then anticipate
In this earthly trial state.

That ourselves we judge and blame,
Grieving o'er our inward shame,
That we others good proclaim.

So, when comes the day of dread,
We may dare to lift our head
As the sentence shall be read.

When all judgment shall be o'er,
May we on the heavenly shore
Bow our gracious King before.

And when sin has passed away,
In the land of endless day
Look upon His Face for aye.



‘THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH.’

THE Bridegroom is at hand,
Go forth to meet Him now,
Go forth a gladsome band
Before His feet to bow.

The Circle of Seasons.

From your own selves go out,
All evil leave behind,
Discard all fear and doubt,
And be to error blind.

Where is the Bridegroom—where ?
We see a little Child—
A little Child so fair,
In presence sweet and mild.

In Him the Bridegroom see,
Fall down and Him adore ;
True God and man is He,
Our King for evermore.

He has left all for thee,
Then leave thyself for Him ;
His lowly follower be
Through this earth's pathway dim.

Go forth to meet thy Lord,
Though this world knows Him not ;
Our worship we accord,
And praise our happy lot.

He comes, the Bridegroom blest,
He comes, ' the King of love,'
He comes to be our Rest,
And raise our souls above.

He comes, the angels sing,
The stars above us shine—
We hail Thee, gracious King !
We praise Thee, Love Divine !

DRAWING NIGH.

To the East our eyes are turning,
There a faint, pale light is burning ;
 Year by year it looks just so,
 Will it ever stronger glow ?
 Wrongs increase, and love grows cold,
 Thoughts of judgment loose their hold—
Still our Lord delays to come.

Nay, since His most blest Ascension,
He in love past comprehension,
 In His wondrous patience strong,
 Waits, and sees each sin and wrong ;
 Will not let the trump be blown
 Till He numbers all His own—
He delays not, only waits.

Only strength can wait in meekness,
Haste belongs to very weakness ;
 Our Redemption draws more nigh
 As each moment fleeteth by.
 To us light no stronger gleams,
 In the East no movement seems,
Our dull senses fail or sleep.

Many watchers hands are folding,
Sleep their eyelids calm is holding,
 From earth's ranks they have gone out ;
 Yet they watch still, never doubt—
 Watch and raise their patient eyes
 From the fields of Paradise,
In their gladness watch and wait.

Darkness may be round us growing,
 Yet that holy light is glowing.
 This at least to us is plain,
 Our dear Lord will come again.
 May He then our souls prepare
 That to look up we may dare—
 Dare to meet the Judge's look
 When He turns His awful book ;
 So with faltering tongues we pray,
 While our hearts mean what they say,
 ' Even so, Lord Jesus, come.'



OF JUDGMENT.

In the hour of judgment, when we shrink in fear,
 Jesu, as Redeemer, to our souls draw near ;
 O'er life's shameful record speak Thy pardon clear.
 We who Thy strong mercy daily, hourly need,
 We who have no goodness of our own to plead,
 We with harshest judgment others' failings heed.
 For our shameful conduct we can find excuse,
 For our brother's failings no light words we use ;
 Merciful, excusing judgment we refuse.
 Master, we are sorry ; turn Thou not away
 From our self-accusing, as to Thee we pray ;
 Master, in our sorrow, close beside us stay.
 When we would judge others, to Thee may we turn,
 Lesson of true mercy from Thy Passion learn,
 Our own many failings treat with judgment stern.
 Thine own love for others, Master, may we taste ;
 Thy dear love is lasting, knows not stint or waste ;
 Thy love never wearies—never is misplaced.

Then, when Thy great Judgment comes to us at last,
May its many terrors for our souls be past ;
As we trust Thy mercy, trust Thy love so vast.

Jesu, with our brethren find for us a place
In the many mansions of Thy Home of grace,
Where, through years unending, we may see Thy Face.



THE COMING BRIDEGROOM.

VIRGINS, let your lamps be trimmed,
Ere the Lord's appearing ;
Make their light shine forth undimmed,
From them evil clearing.

He is coming—even now
Sound His footsteps steady ;
Gladly to their echo bow,
Be prepared and ready.

Look you through the darkest night,
For His advent yearning,
Holding fast your lamps so bright,
Trimmed and clearly burning.

Grow not weary, though He seem
Very long delaying ;
He can see your lamps' bright gleam,
He can hear your praying.

Cold may blow the wind, the rain
On your heads be beating ;
Think how joy will follow pain
At that happy meeting.

No rough wind can lamps put out
Which for Him are shining ;
Wait for Him, and never doubt,
Trust Him unrepining.

The Circle of Seasons.

Raise your lamps and hold them high,
 Light o'er this world throwing ;
 Without money oil now buy,
 Oil so freely flowing.

When the Bridegroom comes 'twill be
 Much too late for buying ;
 To your lamps now, virgins, see,
 Hours are swiftly flying.

O ye virgins, dry your tears,
 Soon will end your yearning ;
 In the East now light appears,
 Stronger it is burning :
 Comes the Bridegroom ; you shall win
 His own blest befriending.
 Happy, happy souls, go in
 To the bliss unending.



AN ADVENT LITANY.

God the Blessed Trinity,
 God the Threefold Unity,
 As Thy people worship Thee,
 Hear us, Holy Trinity.

At this time be worship done
 Unto Thee, O God the Son,
 Who for us true life hast won,
 Hear us, Blessed Jesu.

By Thy coming down to earth,
 By Thy lowly manger birth,
 By Thine Infancy of dearth,
 Hear us, Blessed Jesu.

By that still and holy night,
When Thou cam'st to be our Light,
Thou Whose weakness is our might,
Hear us, Blessed Jesu.

By Thy second Advent great,
Which we now anticipate,
As in trust and hope we wait,
Hear us, Blessed Jesu.

By Thy coming in the skies,
When the dead shall straight arise,
When the just shall lift their eyes,
Hear us, Blessed Jesu.

By the judgment Thou wilt make,
As all sins to memory wake,
When in terror sinners quake,
Hear us, Blessed Jesu.

Judge us now, O Lord, we pray,
So when comes that solemn day
Near Thee we in peace may stay,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

Grant that we that Judgment great
To ourselves may antedate,
Sternly scrutinize our state,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

May we now Thy judgment fear,
That, when it at last draws near,
At Thy Right we may appear,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

The Circle of Seasons.

Grant that we may now so quail
That no fear our souls assail
When Thy coming blest we hail,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

Grant we may no judgment speak
Of our brethren who are weak ;
But in prayer their welfare seek,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

From all judging other deeds,
From all turning from their needs,
From each thought our pride that feeds,
Save us, Blessed Jesu.

By Thy coming here in pain,
By the hour Thou'lt come again
With the glorious angel-train,
Save us, Blessed Jesu.

Christ the Saviour, God the Son,
May by us the bliss be won,
Then to hear Thine own ' Well done !'
Holy, Blessed Jesu.

Then, redeemed by Thy good grace,
May we in the Heavenly Place
Look with rapture on Thy Face,
Holy, Blessed Jesu.



THE SUNDAY BEFORE CHRISTMAS.

LET and hindered in the race
To the holy Heavenly Place
Are we by our sin ;

Though we in the darkness grope,
Yet we will not lose the hope
Once a crown to win.

Come to us, our Saviour Christ,
Through this painful earthly mist,
Help us on our way ;
Many snares are round us set,
Sin doth now our progress let :
Aid us now, we pray.

Lord, raise up Thy mighty power
Us to shield in danger's hour,
To our succour speed ;
Yea, we know Thou'rt on Thy way,
For the light of Christmas-day
Soon will help our need.

We are fretted by earth's din,
We are hindered by our sin,
Come, O Prince of Peace ;
Thou Who loosest every chain,
'Gainst our binding sin we strain,
Come, our souls release.

Bountiful in mercy Thou,
Come and be our succour now,
For we wait for Thee :
Blest, 'tis written, those who wait—
And we wait with longing great
Thee our Prince to see.

So we long not now to rest
While we know this journey blest
Draws us near to Thee :
Blessed is life's toilsome race,
For we Thine own glorious Face
At its end shall see.

THE COLLECT—SUNDAY BEFORE
CHRISTMAS.

RAISE up Thy power and come,
We wait, O Lord, for Thee :
Of our desire the Sum,
We long Thy day to see.

O save us with great might—
Thy Birthday draweth near,
And we would hail its light
With hearts from evil clear.

Sore hindered by our sin,
By evil deeds held back,
We would Thy strong help win
To keep the narrow track.

Oh by Thy bounteous grace,
Thy mercy full and free,
Help us in this our race,
And set the captives free.

Raise up Thy power and come,
Come to this waiting earth,
Make in our souls a home,
And in our hearts have birth.

As thirsty cornfields long
For cool refreshing shower,
So is our yearning strong
For Thee to come in power.

Come in Thy power, we wait ;
Our hearts Thy throne shall be ;
Come, Lord, the time grows late,
We watch and long for Thee.

CHRISTMAS.

THE JOY OF CHRISTMAS.

Emmanuel—God with us.



BLESSED key-note of our festival!
Emmanuel, God with us—O joyful
word,
That says we're reconciled to our own
Lord,

And as His children now on Him may call;
O words that truest Christmas joy afford,
That o'er our troubled lives as soft light fall,
To shed a blessed radiance over all,
And 'gainst temptation prove a very sword.

With hearts o'erflowing, 'God with us' we say,
And would that truth in recollection hold,
For He is with us on our earthly way,
And doth His holy presence round us fold.
Emmanuel, God with us, our joy on earth,
And God with us is all the Heavenly mirth.



CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE Birthday of the King we praise,
Our hearts to Him in gladness raise;
The Prince is born, the Child is here
Who soothes all doubt, Who calms all fear;

O Christ-Child blest, we Thee adore
Our Joy, our Peace for evermore.

The King is born, the King most blest
In stable poor now finds His rest ;
In mystery He is still on high,
While in the manger He doth lie.
O Christ-Child lowly, may each heart
In this Thy lowliness have part.

This Birthday blest, this Birthday bright,
Sheds o'er the world unending light ;
And birthday-gifts we fain would bring
To hail the coming of the King.
O Christ-Child, stretch Thine Hands, ~~and take~~
The gifts that Thou canst worthy make.

Lo, He is here, the Child is born,
The Weak to put the strong to scorn ;
The speechless Word now puts to flight
The armies of the Prince of night.
O Christ-Child holy, strong and weak,
Such strength, such weakness now we seek.

Midst Christmas joy our King most high
In each heart cradled fain would lie,
While in all joy, all laughter, mirth,
We keep in mind the glorious Birth.
O Christ-Child, come ; O Christ-Child, see
Our hearts are longing sore for Thee.



A CHRISTMAS SONG.

'While all things were in quiet silence, and that night was in the midst of her swift course, Thine Almighty Word leaped down from heaven out of Thy royal throne.—WISDOM xviii. 14, 15.

To Thee we lift our voices,
To Thee we cry aloud ;
Christ, now Thy Church rejoices,
Before Thy glory bowed.

Thy Birthday we are keeping,
O Jesu Saviour mild,
As from Thy glory leaping
Thou camest here a Child.

The world in silence lying
Knew not Thine advent blest,
When to its darkness hieing
The manger-straw Thou pressed.

Night's silence then was broken
By angels' joyful song ;
As shepherds heard the token,
Christ come His poor among.

Lord Christ, Thy Birthday blessing
We this bright day would share,
As to Thee praise addressing
We hail its advent fair.

Come Thou our cold hearts seeking,
In them Thy rest now take ;
Come to their silence speaking,
And bid them to Thee wake.

The Circle of Seasons.

O Wisdom high and glorious,
We pray Thee make us Thine ;
Be o'er our night victorious,
And in our spirits shine ;

That when earth's shades are fleeting
We up to Thee may look,
Thy smile of welcome meeting
Be each Thine opened book—

A book wherein Thy reading
Will be of love and grace,
As through Thine interceding
We look upon Thy Face.



TO THE CHILDREN AT CHRISTMAS.

CHILDREN, praise the children's King,
Born for you a Child on earth ;
Now your sweetest carols sing,
To Him your best homage bring,
Sing to Him with joy and mirth.

On a lowly manger-bed,
Wrapped in swaddling clothes He lies ;
Who the sky with stars has spread,
Now on straw He rests His head,—
Care He needs Who strength supplies.

Children, you have often seen
Pictured forth the sight divine—
Babe in clothes and crib so mean,
Mother who doth o'er Him lean,
Star that high above doth shine.

Children, think of it to-day ;
Think of Christ the little Child ;
Raise to Him your thankful lay ;
For His blessing often pray,
Ask He keep you good and mild.

Children, who have brothers small,
As you touch their tiny hands,
Think of Him, the Lord of all,
Who hath made this earthly ball,
Bound for us in swaddling bands.

Children, clasp your hands and say,
While your little hearts are light :
'Christ, we thank Thee for to-day ;
Keep us always Thine, we pray.'
So your Christmas shall be bright.



CHRISTMAS.

O HOLY CHILD, with feelings deep,
Thy Birthday we rejoicing keep ;
True God, Thou in the manger laid,
Art come as Man to be our aid.

For we had lost of Heaven the door,
Which now Thy coming will restore ;
And from Thy manger-throne there streams
The light that guides us with its beams.

The angels hymn Thy blessed Birth,
Which brings salvation down to earth ;
And Satan's hosts, in terror wild,
Fly wondering from the Holy Child.

The shepherds come and bend the knee
Before Thy hidden majesty ;
The kings from their far-distant home
To greet the new-born King have come.

The wondrous star in heaven doth shine—
Of Jacob's Star the fitting sign ;
And Joseph and the Mother mild
Kneel to adore the Holy Child.

That light still shines for us to-day,
Though centuries have passed away ;
And still we keep Thy Birthday bright,
Which first showed forth Thy wondrous light.

The holly bright with drops of red
Shall now adorn Thy manger-bed—
Type of the Blood that for us flowed,
Type of the love for us it showed.

For with the quiet evergreen
The holly bright must now be seen,
As they who come to worship Thee
Will many sorrows surely see.

And Christmas joy will us prepare
With our dear Lord the Cross to bear ;
Who rightly at the manger bend
Can follow to the painful end.

We thank Thee for Thy blessed Birth,
The cause of this our Christmas mirth :
Nowell ! Nowell ! Nowell ! Nowell !
O Christ, Thou Hope of Israel.



CAROL.

'COME, all ye faithful,' come, and softly treading
Kneel low beside this narrow manger-bed ;
O'er this rough floor your best be now all spreading,
Out on the straw your richest treasures shed :

For this Babe, so lowly,
Is our God most holy,
Born for our salvation,
Praise His Incarnation.

He, Word Incarnate, draw we near to listen ;
What will the words be that now He will speak ?
Hush ! on His cheeks the Infant tear-drops glisten,
Yet comes He in silence His lost to seek :

But His silence crieth,
Satan's host defieth ;
By His lowly station
Works He our salvation.

He, Lord of all things, cometh as a Stranger,
Takes He a Body all His own to save ;
See how He suffers, us to save from danger,
Homeless He came, His own no shelter gave :

Him a room refusing
Who our life is choosing,
Who, from Heaven descending,
Bringeth life unending.

He, Lord Almighty, Son of God Supernal,
Though come here to earth still in Heaven remains ;
Though born a Peasant still is God Eternal,
Though here He suffers, yet in Heaven He reigns.

Though He comes in meekness,
To be born in weakness,
He in Heaven is reigning,
And all flesh sustaining.

Therefore we hymn Thee, thank Thee, and adore
Thee,

Jesu Redeemer, born for us to-day ;
Low on our knees we, thankful, fall before Thee ;
Star of the East, light our hearts with Thy ray.
Heaven and earth are ringing,
Alleluias singing,
Angels raise their voices,
Man with them rejoices.



HYMN.

Now we hail our new-born King,
Hymns of praise to Him we bring ;
New-born King Who ever reigned,
Kingship never first attained.
Alleluia !

Ever God, and God's dear Son,
Be all worship to Him done ;
Never was He Man before,
Now His Manhood we adore.
Alleluia !

He Who made the world is weak,
He the Word no word doth speak ;
He from Whom alone comes light,
Sojourns in this earthly night.
Alleluia !

With clasped hands and low-bent head
We will kneel beside His bed,
Looking down with reverent awe
On our Monarch laid on straw.
Alleluia !

Angels offer praise on high,
Shines the star in midnight sky ;
And the quiet Mother blest,
Silent near her Son doth rest.

Alleluia !

Joseph reverent watch doth keep
O'er that wondrous Infant-sleep ;
Shepherds worship, monarchs praise,
We with them our tribute raise.

Alleluia !

He Who made Himself thus low
Will on us His grace bestow ;
On ourselves to use restraint,
Though the feeble flesh be faint.

Alleluia !

Mighty Infant, Thee we praise,
Monarch weak Thy worship raise ;
Thou with God the Father blest,
And with Spirit One confessed.

Alleluia !



THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

A WEARY pair of wanderers, as night grew on apace,
Sought through an Eastern village a humble resting-
place.

But for them was no room found within the village-
inn,
Their meek request for shelter no answer kind could
win.

At last within a stable, where ox and ass had bed,
They sheltered, and the maiden lay on the straw
outspread.

Then in the wondrous silence of that most blessed
night,
In that bare stable's darkness, shone forth the Light
of Light.

Two forms that doorway entered; but, lo! there
now are three;
The Third, a Babe most holy, in Whom God's Son
we see.

Yes; Christ the Lord of Heaven—the God Whom
we adore—
Was born in that poor manger, laid on that stable-
floor.

And so we think at Christmas of Christ the little
Child,
And ask to be made like Him—so patient, humble,
mild.

And since He came in poorness, we think of those
who bear
The press of need, and poorness for ever as their
share.

The Word of God is feeble, the Word of God is weak:
Oh mystery! Oh wonder! see, tears are on His cheek!

He weeps because we weep not, because our hearts
are hard;
By tears His Infant fairness, His holy face is marred.

O holy Child, O Jesu, touch our hard hearts, we
pray;
Thy touch is fire, and burneth their hardness quite
away.

Here, low before Thy manger, Thy Godhead we
adore;
Then keep us Thine, Redeemer, Thy children ever-
more.



IN STABLE BORN.

O THOU Who wert in stable born,
O Thou Who wert in manger laid,
Dear Saviour, we on this blest morn
Approach Thee, and are not afraid.

And none would make us go away:
Thy Mother makes Thy bed of straw,
The holy Joseph watchful, gray,
Invites us with glad face of awe.

The shepherds bend Thy crib before,
And ox and ass their worship add;
Redeemer blest, we too adore
With hearts that ache because so glad.

The wondrous star doth brightly shine,
The air is tremulous with praise—
O Blessed Jesu, King Divine,
A tribute, too, of song we raise.

Since Thou to be so poor dost deign,
O Saviour, we may Thee invite:
Come to our hearts, and in them reign,
Illumine their darkness with Thy light.

Thine Infant Hands are strength indeed,
 In them our wayward hearts we place ;
 No other keeper can they need,
 Thy weakness gives them strongest grace.

O very Strength, in swaddling bands
 Bound that we might be free indeed ;
 Thou Hope, Thou Worship of all lands,
 Sin's captives we Thy binding plead.

Now holly-wreaths for Thee shall shine,
 To Thee shall songs of praise ascend :
 O King Eternal, Child Divine,
 To Thee be worship without end.



ROOM IN THE INN.

(AFTER COMMUNION.)

LORD, in the inn of my poor worthless heart
 Guests come and go; but there is room for Thee.
 Would that no other guest had here a part—
 Would Thou alone my Visitor might be.

Lord Jesus Christ, I opened wide the door ;
 Now Thou hast entered may I shut it close ?
 Shut earth's things out, and bending Thee before
 Forget each guest, who, called not, comes and goes.

O Thou my Food, my Strength, my Life, my Own,
 I grieve so that this heart is like an inn ;
 Would that it were a palace, where Thy throne
 Was ne'er approached by any thought of sin.

Thou callest it Thy Temple ; and I grieve
 A house of merchandize I it have made ;
 Now Thou art here, Lord, cause all else to leave,
 And as I strive to clear it be my aid.

O Jesus Saviour, I have been with Thee,
And still Thy blessed Presence is my light ;
The guests that fain would enter, may they see
I want them not, so pass into the night.

When I through death with truest life am blest,
A mansion fair, Lord, Thou wilt give to me ;
To which can come no uninvited guest,
But every room will be a place for Thee.



CHRISTMAS DAY.

ALLELUIA! now we sing,
With Nowells our carols ring,
For our Lord to-day is born—
Born a Peasant, He our King ;
Praise we then this blessed morn.

Altars clad in robes of white
Tell of this our Christmas Light,
Of our Saviour's Birth now tell ;
Sing we out the message bright,
Christ has come to earth to dwell.

And His work was all for earth,
For earth's sons of little worth ;
And the angels joy to sing
Of the ever-blessed Birth
Which new life to men did bring.

Thou Who didst from Heaven descend,
Thy lost creatures to befriend,
New-born Saviour, Thee we praise.
May we till our life shall end,
Thanks for Thy salvation raise.

Though on earth Thou low didst dwell,
Still in Heaven Thou wert as well ;

Though the earth did Thee receive
(Let us out the mystery tell),

Thou Thy Father didst not leave.

New-born Saviour, may we be
Like Thee in humility ;

So a Christmas lesson learn,
And a holy Christmas see
As its meaning we discern.

Be Thou born in each poor heart,
So when Christmas shall depart,

All its joy may still remain ;
For our new-born King Thou art,
Be Thou born in us again.



CHRISTMAS MORNING.

Now to the manger blest we go,
With reverent pace and hearts aglow,
And, kneeling on the straw-strewn floor,
Our Infant-King we bow before.

O Holy Child, from Heaven above,
Accept our praise, make pure our love.

Lo, wrapped in swaddling bands He lies,
Whose power alone upholds the skies ;
Those eyes now closed in Infant sleep,
O'er Heaven and earth strict watch do keep.

O Holy Child, accept our praise,
Our hearts above this earth now raise.

The Word of God no word now speaks,
But tears are wet upon His cheeks;
His Infant cries are music sweet,
To draw us sinners to His feet.

O Holy Child, in purity
Keep us Thy children near to Thee.

Now God the Son, of Heaven the Light,
Has come to this our earthly night;
Yet though with man He doth abide,
Still dwells He at the Father's side.

O Holy Child, True God, to Thee
From men and angels glory be.

Now in the sky the angels sing,
And shepherds praise the Infant King;
The star its homage bright doth pay,
And we will worship Christ to-day.

O Holy Child, O Infant-King,
Our hearts to Thee in gladness sing.



WATCHING AT THE MANGER.

In a manger lowly,
Lies the Christ-Child holy;
Want His crib surrounding
Is proud souls confounding.

Why on straw reclining?
Why red berries shining?
He His love is showing,
Blood will soon be flowing.

Ah! He cries; now listen,
See His tear-drops glisten,

The Circle of Seasons.

Each tear as it falleth
To thee loudly calleth.

Now no more He weepeth,
On the straw He sleepeth ;
Yet His Heart is waking,
Of His own care taking.

See, He looks with yearning
To His mother turning,
As her hand He holdeth,
Her arm round Him foldeth.

Sighs our hearts are fetching,
Hands to Him outstretching ;
Would our hearts might hold Him,
And our arms enfold Him !

He hears thy beseeching
See His arms outreaching—
Each weak thing He useth,
Thee as nurse He chooseth.

He thy presence brooketh,
On thee in love looketh ;
His weak hands so tender
Strength to thee now render.

He of good the Essence
Bears a sinner's presence ;
Pardon He supplieth
To each soul that crieth.

He does us enable,
In the cold, dark stable,
In the straw-filled manger
Where He lies a Stranger,

With deep adoration,
To greet our Salvation,
Whom God's love is sending,
For our soul's befriending.

Master blest, we hail Thee,
Worship shall not fail Thee ;
Christmas bells are ringing,
Hearts to Thee are singing.



A HYMN FOR CHILDREN.

LITTLE Christian children,
Children of the King,
Now to Christ our Saviour
Hymns of praise we sing.

Once a little Infant,
He came here to dwell ;
Bore all pain and sorrow,
For He loves us well.

That we might be only
His for evermore,
All that pain and weakness,
All that woe He bore.

Now He reigns in glory,
High in Heaven above,
On His little children
Looking down in love.

Though we cannot see Him,
He is ever near,
And His own who trust Him
Nothing have to fear.

The Circle of Seasons.

Satan and his army
 Strive to make us sin,
 But through Christ our Master
 We may victory win.

If His faithful soldiers
 We are here below,
 On us once in Heaven
 He will crowns bestow.

If on earth we serve Him,
 For Him run life's race,
 When this life is over
 We shall see His Face—

See the Face that beameth
 Now with tender love,
 Be His happy children
 Evermore above.

Now to God the Father,
 And the Blessed Son,
 And the Holy Spirit,
 Be all worship done. Amen.



SINCE THE HOLY CHILDHOOD.

SINCE Jesus came a Child to earth,
 We love all sounds of childhood-mirth ;
 Since He came here a Babe so small,
 We love the little infants all.

Their wailing cries may to us speak,
 Of Christ our Saviour, once so weak ;
 Their tiny hands, like rose-leaves pink
 Make us of His dear Hands to think.

For He our King was once as they,
Nursed by His Mother day by day;
Laid on her breast—hush! this is He
Before whose Face the heavens shall flee.

And since He came in childhood's state
Each child to Him is consecrate,
Whose heart now for the Christ-Child burns,
O'er all His little children years.

Then may the little children be
All kept by Him from evil free;
His holy innocents for aye,
May they in golden streets once play.



A MAIDEN'S ARMS.

A MAIDEN's arms the Monarch hold,
The angels gaze with wondering awe,
And swaddling-bands about Him fold,
Whose Word the seas together rolled;
And Heaven's high King is laid on straw.

In darkness lies the Light of light,
In stable bare the Monarch blest;
And He, the Father's Image bright,
Has come to this our earthly night,
Has come an unprepared-for Guest.

The angels' hymns their Monarch greet,
And ox and ass before Him bend;
The shepherds haste with reverent feet,
The three wise men with Wisdom meet,
And man's glad songs with angels' blend.

He is a Child Who ne'er began,
 Whom Heaven containeth not is small;
 The God of God becometh Man,
 He carries out His wondrous plan,
 And brings salvation near to all.

Emmanuel blest, we greet Thee now,
 God with us, joy of Christmas-tide.
 Before Thy manger-throne we bow,
 And offer prayer and praise and vow,
 While here our life is sanctified.

Lord Jesus Christ, our King most high,
 Abide with us through life, we pray;
 In joy and sorrow be Thou nigh,
 And be Emmanuel when we die—
 Thou Light, Thou Joy of Christmas Day.



CHRISTMAS HYMN.

'For our sakes He became poor.'

ALLELUIA! for the Birth,
 Nowell! sing we in our mirth.
 In the darkest time of year
 This day comes our hearts to cheer;
 Summer days so bright and long
 Never bring a Christmas song.

In a manger lies our King;
 Heaven and earth with gladness ring.
 Shepherds bend the crib before,
 Kings from Eastern lands adore.
 Let us kneel and offer too
 Souls and bodies as His due.

He, the God Who ever lives,
Infant-Body now receives ;
He, the Strength of earth and Heaven,
To earth's keeping now is given.
Him Who doth the world uphold,
Swaddling-bands do now enfold.

Angel-hosts He doth command,
Now on earth He cannot stand ;
He Who rides on angels' wings,
He, the mighty King of kings,
He is borne from place to place,
By the Maiden, ' full of grace.'

Men all heedless swiftly go
Past that stable to and fro ;
Save the kings and shepherds poor,
No one stays at that low door.
Those who comfort so much need,
Quickly pass, and will not heed.

Holy Child, we come to Thee ;
Fain would Thy disciples be,
Nor would heed the passing throng,
While we learn the angels' song,
' In Heaven glory, on earth peace,'
Such the strains that will not cease.

On us now, O King Divine,
May the star of Christmas shine ;
Pure and strong shine all our life
O'er the troubled water's strife,
Teaching us that we must be
Like Thee in humility.

Alleluias now we raise,
Nowell ! sing we to Thy praise ;

This December day is bright
With the glorious Christmas light.
Alleluia ! evermore
We our Christmas King adore.



IN THE STABLE.

FOR THOSE UNABLE TO GO TO CHURCH AT
CHRISTMAS.

(For the leading thought in these lines I am indebted to
another.—K. E. V.)

THOUGH no outward joys of Christmas
In the church are thine to-day ;
Sweet bells ringing, white choirs singing,
Christmas joy with thee may stay.

Think of Mary blest, and Joseph,
In the stable, poor and dim ;
Jesus holding, Him enfolding,
Though they heard no angel hymn.

They heard not the angel-chorus
With the shepherds in the field ;
Infant wailing, God prevailing,
As their Saviour was revealed.

Dark the stable, bright the sheepfold !
Christ was in the stable dim,
There possessing Christmas blessing,
Those two pure ones worshipped Him.

Though in church thou canst not worship,
Be with those two pure ones blest,
Sin forsaking, Jesus taking
In glad silence to thy breast.

Though thy heart is dark as stable,
He will deign to enter there ;
Thy good seeking, to thee speaking
By His Infant weakness fair.

Not the star the wise men guiding,
Was so sweet as that still cave
Where the Holy One and Lowly
His own Self entirely gave.

Stay to-day by that poor stable ;
Christ the Saviour lieth there.
End thy search now, here is church now,
Quiet Christmas with Him share.

Canst thou join no earthly singing ?
Silent with the Infant lie ;
Word Eternal, God Supernal
Speaks but with a wailing cry.

High the honour thou art called to,
Truest Christmas thine may be,
Manger, stable, thou art able
In thy heart to-day to see.

Mar this peace with no complaining,
On the holy Infant smile.
He is near thee, He will cheer thee,
With no self the joy beguile.

Peaceful Christmas, joyful Christmas !
For the Christmas Child is thine,
Hearts are singing, church-bells ringing,
While the stars of Christmas shine.

COME, GREET THE KING.

COME, greet the King,
Your homage bring,
Approach with joy His palace ;
The King most high
Doth new-born lie,
And devils rage in malice.

This birthday bright
Doth all invite
To bring a fitting present ;
Come, high and low,
Your gifts bestow,
All giving is so pleasant.

All gifts most fair,
All jewels rare,
His crib should be adorning ;
Round Him should wait
All royal state
On this His birthday morning.

Now fearless lift
Thy birthday gift—
See, here the King is lying :
With stable bare
For palace fair,
While cold winds round are sighing.

No state is here
To make thee fear.
Approach Thy Monarch gladly ;
Though tears must fall
That He, our All,
By men is served so badly.

O King most dear,
How cam'st Thou here?
Men pass Thee all unheeding.
All things are Thine,
Thou Lord Divine,
Yet here Thou all art needing.
Our King we hail!
This lowly veil
Of more than love is speaking;
In lowly ways,
In darkest days
He comes, for lost souls seeking.
We cannot stay
Away to-day—
The Christmas star is shining;
We come to greet
Our Monarch sweet,
On manger-bed reclining.
Noël, we sing
To Christ our King,
Our Christmas songs upraising;
Though poor and weak,
Such He doth seek,
He loves to hear our praising.

**CHRISTMAS-TIDE.**

ALMIGHTY GOD, Thy praise we sing,
Now at this time when Christ our King
By that His pure and wondrous Birth
Brought full salvation down to earth.

Thine only Son Thou didst not spare,
But sent Him here our flesh to share ;
Didst send Him down our flesh to take,
That so our souls to good might wake.

And simple shepherds, wondering, saw
The Lord of all things laid on straw ;
And Him Whose love doth all enfold,
They saw in weakness bearing cold.

Nor long in peace on straw He lay ;
As dawned on Him the octave-day
From Infant sleep they raised Him up
To taste the first of His sharp cup.

As Thou, O God, didst give Thy Son,
That through His pain we might be won,
We ask Thee strength that we may try
For Thee our flesh to mortify.

This feast shall pass without regret
From those who do themselves forget ;
Nay, Christmas joy with them shall stay,
And stronger grow with each new day.

Since He Who came our Peace to be,
From grief and pain was never free,
We ask that we may this attain,
The gift of joying in our pain.

To Him Who sent His Son be praise,
To Him Who came our hearts we raise,
Whom with the Spirit we adore,
Blest One in Three for evermore. Amen.



SYMEON'S BLISS.

'Then took he Him up in his arms.'—S. LUKE ii. 28

'Which we have looked upon and our hands have handled.'—

1 S. JOHN i. 1.

THRICE blessed arms that held the Child,
The Child of Mary undefiled !
Thrice blessed eyes that gazed upon
The Infant-Face of God the Son !

With hands that trembled with excess
Of that his longed-for happiness,
Old Symeon held the Child so blest—
Held God Incarnate to his breast.

Then 'Nunc Dimittis' from him poured—
'In peace let me depart, O Lord'—
Those words which daily we repeat
At time of evensong so sweet.

We fain would, as did Symeon blest,
Hold Christ our Saviour to our breast,
Would look upon His Infant-Face,
Through veil of flesh His Godhead trace.

That joy may be our own, we know;
For when we to the altar go
We truly then, as Symeon did,
Hold Christ, in different fashion hid.

More blest are we than he of old,
His arms alone did Jesus hold ;
For on Communion-days so blest
Within our hearts He takes His rest.

To blessed Symeon higher bliss
Came when death's breath his eyes did kiss ;
For he, awaking, was to see
The King in perfect majesty,

To look on God ! O joy intense !
That shall be ours when we go hence ;
And from the calm of Paradise
To Heaven's full joy and glory rise.

Though still in Flesh, not by It veiled,
The Flesh that on the Cross once quailed,
That in blest Mary's arms did lie—
Our Jesus, we shall see on high.

May He on earth our souls prepare
In that glad Vision once to share,
That, when earth's mists away have rolled,
The Beauteous King we may behold.

For that glad Presentation day
With full hearts now His people pray !
As 'neath the veil we Him adore,
And for His unveiled Face implore.

EPIPHANY.

EPIPHANY GIFTS.



HEY offered gifts to Thee,
Those three wise men of old—
Gifts at Thy blest Epiphany,
Of incense, myrrh, and gold.

We have no gifts to bring,
No gifts of any worth ;
No present fit for Thee, our King,
At this Thy blessed Birth.

We offer to Thee tears,
And, lo! they turn to myrrh;
In them a gift for Thee appears—
A gift Thou wilt prefer.

We strive to love Thee, Lord,
Our dross then turns to gold :
To Thee we give it, King adored,
Our gift Thou wilt behold.

Our faltering tongues give praise,
Then incense-clouds arise,
Whose fragrance still ascends, nor stays
Till at Thy throne it lies.

O Jesu, Saviour, King,
 We gladly give to Thee
 The presents Thou wilt let us bring
 At Thine Epiphany.

On earth they will be three ;
 But when we see Thy Face,
 Two gifts alone we'll offer Thee :
 Tears find in heaven no place.

The Father we adore,
 And praise the Blessed Son,
 And Holy Ghost for evermore,
 Eternal Three in One.

Amen.



TRUE LIGHT.

'A Light to lighten the Gentiles.'

O GLORIOUS LIGHT! with glad amaze
 We Gentiles on Thy Beauty gaze,
 Though greatly hindered by earth's haze.

And meet it was a lovely star
 Should guide the three wise men from far,
 And from the Gentiles move the bar.

'Twas fitting light to Light should lead,
 Show Him from Whom doth light proceed,
 And show Him poor Who nought can need.

O Jesu, now made manifest,
 In Thee alone our souls find rest—
 In Thee Thy people shall be blest.

Oh, ever grant to us Thy light,
That we may always choose the right—
Choose what is pleasing in Thy sight.

Thy light alone shall be our guide,
No false light draw us from Thy side,
For Thou hast all true light supplied.

As those three kings by light were led
To very Light in manger-bed,
May we to Thee through all things tread.

The star of Thine own glorious will
Is shining down upon us still;
Who follows it will meet no ill.

Oh, light us in our earthly race,
Till, in the holy heavenly place,
We see the light of Thine own Face.

If now we nearer draw to Thee,
Thy light in joy and pain to see,
Then blessed this Epiphany!



EPIPHANY GLADNESS.

‘They saw the young Child.’—GOSPEL FOR THE DAY.

AND we must see Him, too, if we would feel
Through all our senses this day’s gladness steal—
Must see, with Hands outstretched, the little Child,
Whose birth man to his Maker reconciled;
In this day’s showing forth must take a part,
And look on Jesus hidden in our heart.

Those little Hands outstretch that they may take
All that we give up gladly for His sake;

And we can hear the mighty Father say,
'Nurse this Child for Me, I will Thee repay.'
We, kneeling, stretch our hands, and He will come,
And in our poor frail hearts will make a home.

We see the young Child, and we see in Him
God, the All-holy, wrapped in earth-mists dim.
We need no star to guide us to the place
Where He, the Strong One, shows His Infant Face.
In church, at home, within us, we may see
Him Whom we greet this glad Epiphany.

The gold of love, the incense-clouds of prayer,
The myrrh of suffering we in Him can bear,
We offer, but the gold is very dim,
Our myrrh and incense are not fit for Him ;
Yet He will take it all, if only we
Are with those blest ones who the young Child see.

In all we do, in all we think and speak,
For that blest Vision may we ever seek ;
Nought is so small but Christ can hide therein ;
The only thing that keeps Him out is sin :
We place the manger in our hearts so low—
Oh, may we see Him there to manhood grow.

Not as a Child shall we again behold
Our King, when mists of earth away are rolled—
But in His perfect beauty, all unmarred
By infant tears, nor by His thorn-crown scarred ;
And yet the Same Whom we through mists now see,
If we but rightly keep Epiphany.

L E N T .

BEGINNING LENT.



ALMIGHTY GOD, with love and power
Assist us in each Lenten hour ;
Alone we have no strength to stand,
Uphold us with Thy strong Right Hand.

May this our fast with Thee be spent,
So Easter we shall find in Lent ;
For midst our sorrow for our sin
Is joy as we Thy pardon win.

That we may nearer be to Thee
As Lent's last hour shall from us flee,
That we may more Thy Presence share—
Such is the end of fast and prayer.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Ghost be worship done—
Lent's solemn worship that one day
May turn to Easter-joy, we pray.
Amen.



ASH WEDNESDAY.

ASHES, ashes, dust to dust!
Man is weak, but he must trust
In his God so good and just.

Just, aye, just! then our great sin
Must from Him refusal win
To His home to let us in.

Nay, His Son for us has died;
Claims of justice satisfied,
All our lack of good supplied.

So we come, and in deep shame
Speak to God the Father-Name—
Name which doth His love proclaim.

Grieved and wearied, deeply stained,
Come we to Him we have pained,
Whose great love has never waned.

That love for us found a vent
When His only Son He sent—
And to Him we bring our Lent.

His love for us gave His Son,
His Son's love our life hath won—
What has our love for Him done?

We have grieved Him, turned away
From His paths, in sin to stray,
Freshly trespassed every day.

We have followed self and sin,
We have listened to earth's din,
We have let the tempter in.

Now His love to us has sent
For our good another Lent ;
To Him, then, it shall be spent.
So its dawning hours we lay
At His footstool, and we pray
That we near Him ever stay ;
Through earth's Lent with dangers rife,
Faithful in the daily strife,
Then through endless Easter life.



LOVE IN LENT.

‘ Love is the fulfilling of the law.’

LENTEN paths are hard and long
Unless cheered by love's own song ;
Like a path in winter's snow
When the bitter east winds blow,
When the moon gives forth no light,
And the stars are hidden quite,
When the much-stained snow will cling
Round us, progress hindering.

As that self-same path is seen
Clad about in tender green,
When across the bright blue sky
Fleecy clouds in whiteness lie,
When the bright spring flowers appear,
And are heard bird-carols clear—
Lent with love, or Lent without,
Thus the difference strong shows out.

Love can level mountains high,
Low things lift unto the sky ;

From a rough place make a plain,
And the crooked make straight again ;
Christ is love ; a loveless Lent
Must without our King be spent ;
He who loves e'en while he sins
Strength and pardon straightway wins.

Twofold, then, this love must be,
Reaching to Heaven's crystal sea,
Reaching to the mire of earth,
Finding midst its foulness worth ;
Touching God with reverent hand,
Circling those in sin who stand,
Love can stretch and never break :
God and man its grasp can take.

Love can even dare to go
Up to Calvary's Cross of woe ;
Love through blinding tears may gaze
On Him Whom the Cross displays.
Love can face the agony
That she on the Cross can see ;
Love with breaking heart may kneel,
And the blessed Blood-drops feel.

Not till ends the Lenten time
May we Calvary's incline climb,
We that love must practise now,
That it at the Cross may bow.
Calvary did Christ's love express,
Then our love He must possess ;
For love's name it is not fit,
Yet He deigns to welcome it.

We with loving hearts will greet
Lenten tasks as them we meet,
With the love-light in our eyes
Do the work that near us lies.

Love fulfils Christ's every law,
 Love our souls to Him shall draw ;
 Lent's hours shall with love begin,
 Love Lent's latest hour shall win.



TEMPTATION.

'For in that He Himself suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted.'

HE suffered being tempted, and He knows
 How hard we find it fighting 'gainst our foes ;
 Not only was He tempted, but far more—
 The *anguish* of temptation, too, He bore.
 He the All-holy did not stand aloof
 While Satan's darts fell off like rain from roof.
 Ah, no ! He felt in full their bitter pain,
 Though 'twas impossible they Him should stain—
 For sin to stand the Holy One so nigh
 Caused Him more anguish than we feel to die.
 And there we find true comfort, His great pain
 Tells we may triumph over sin attain ;
 We cannot loathe it as our Saviour did,
 But if our lives in His own Life are hid,
 Th' approach of sin will cause us pain intense,
 And we shall fight it with all diligence.
 Temptations are by God permitted, so
 Beyond our strength we know they cannot go ;
 'Tis well they cause us pain, for safety lies
 In looking down on sin with shrinking eyes.
 He suffered being tempted, and He ne'er
 Lets us be tempted more than we can bear.
 Temptation is the touchstone Satan brings
 To test our loyalty to the King of kings ;

He just can touch us with it, and no more :
He cannot make us pass sin's threshold o'er ;
He can give pain, he cannot make us sin ;
The pain he gives but helps our crown to win.

O Christ our Brother, Who temptation bore,
We come to Thee and Thy great love adore ;
Thou Who didst bear for us temptation's sting,
Our thanks and praises now to Thee we bring.
We ask Thee not temptation to remove ;
We know Thou dost permit it in Thy love.
We ask that it may always cause us pain,
For in that pain we shall Thy blessing gain ;
We ask Thee, keep us safe, then take us home,
Where no temptation-pain can ever come.



A LENTEN HYMN.

IN the wilderness with Thee,
Lord and Saviour, we would be,
Learning, through these forty days,
Faith and hope, and love and praise.

Faith in Thee, the Lord of all,
Hope that fails not when we fall,
Love for Thee Whose love is sure,
Praise that ever will endure.

Thou Who over all art King,
Who dost ride on angel's wing,
Thou for us in hunger sore
Bitter pains of tempting bore.

We, though soiled with many a stain,
Yet know well temptation-pain,

Anguish sharp, e'en though that we
By Thy grace may victors be.

Thou by hunger brought so low,
Met and conquered our great foe ;
Now that crafty foe assails
As we leave the altar rails.

When we nearest heaven are brought,
He would have our ruin wrought ;
Then on Thee, O Lord, we call,
And he cannot make us fall.

Master, through these hours of Lent,
We would learn, with strong intent,
How to fight 'gainst self and sin,
How the crown of life to win.

Holy Jesu, unto Thee,
Endless adoration be,
With the Father ever Blest,
And the Spirit, One confest. Amen.



A BRUISED REED.

Low in the dust I lie ;
My Saviour, hear my cry
And draw Thou to me nigh.

My sins so heavily
Are pressing now on me,
And so I come to Thee.

Look on this bruised reed
That now to Thee doth plead,
And pity Thou my need.

The Circle of Seasons.

'Twas my iniquity
That lifted Thee on high,
Upon the Cross to die.

My sins of thoughtlessness
Thy thorny crown did press,
And add to Thy distress.

My sinful words did bring
The gall to Thee, my King—
A shameful offering.

My evil deeds did nail
Thee to the cross-shaped rail,
And heaven and earth grew pale.

I come to Thee to-day;
I could not keep away,
Thy Passion is my stay.

My sins I cannot bear,
Yet dare I not despair
When Thou art hanging there.

For on that shameful Tree
Thou took'st my sin on Thee,
A Sacrifice for me.

Dear Lord, e'en as I pray
Thou tak'st my sin away—
Yet I must grieve to-day.

For though I pardon win,
I still grieve o'er my sin
That brought Thy sufferings in.

I would be bruised here,
Be bruised with love, not fear,
And lie Thy Cross quite near,

Till, when shall pass earth's night,
I in the heavenly light
At last may stand upright,

And look upon Thy Face
In Thy celestial place,
Safe through Thy saving grace.



FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

‘The Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins.’

So weary of our sin,
So wishing to be free,
So longing to Thy pardon win,
We come, O Lord, to Thee.

We come in fullest faith,
We *know* Thou wilt forgive ;
We come in hope, for, Lord, Thou saith :
‘Come unto Me and live.’

For sin is death, dear Lord,
And so we come to Thee ;
Thou pardon wilt to us accord,
And set the sinners free.

Yea, sin is death, but Thou
Art very Life of all ;
Thou on the Cross in death didst bow,
And Thou wilt hear our call.

For Thou art very Man,
And Thou dost understand,
And while our weakness Thou dost scan,
Dost help us with Thine Hand.

And very God Thou art,
And so Thou wilt forgive ;
Thou wilt accept our grieving heart,
Our every sigh receive.

The Father and the Son,
The Holy Ghost, we bless ;
And may we when this life is done
Attain full righteousness ! Amen.



A LENTEN CRY.

GOD the Father, hear us,
God the Son, draw near us,
Blessed Spirit, cheer us.

Jesu, by Thy dying,
Our great need supplying,
Hear our anguished crying.

We o'er sins are grieving,
Which to us are cleaving—
Which we would be leaving.

Satan's arts distress us,
All our sins oppress us ;
Lord, draw near and bless us.

Come we not despairing,
Thou for us art caring,
All our sorrows bearing.

Lord, we come well knowing,
By Thy life-blood flowing,
Thou art peace bestowing.

Thou dost yearn above us,
Thou dost always love us—
May Thy sufferings move us !

That from slumber waking,
And our sin forsaking,
Thy dear pardon taking,

We may serve Thee gladly,
Though we sorrow sadly
O'er past work done badly.

Thy dear Cross outreaching,
Stands with wordless preaching,
Eloquent in teaching :

Of Thine anguish telling,
On Thy love aye dwelling,
Doubtings all dispelling.

On Thy Cross once reigning,
Thou our souls wert gaining,
And our peace attaining.

Christ, we bow before Thee—
Thankfully implore Thee,
Teach us to adore Thee.

God the Father, bless us,
God the Son, confess us,
Holy Spirit, bless us.



THE SINNER'S FRIEND.

Lo, I lay them down before Thee,
One by one, my many sins ;
On the Cross, dear Lord, they tore Thee,
Yet Thy love my pardon wins.

One by one! Lord, if I knew them,
For I cannot know them all,
If like Thee I once could view them,
In despair I down should fall.

But I come to Thee confessing
Every sin my heart doth know—
To Thee humble prayer addressing,
That Thou pardon now bestow.

By Thy sufferings from us hidden,
Pardon all my sins unknown ;
As the storm-waves calmed when bidden,
Calm me with Thy pardoning tone.

Here I come to lay my burden
Low before Thy Feet to-day,
For Thy death has won such guerdon,
That it takes all sins away.

Though my sins might well confound me,
Yet I dare not once despair ;
For Thy mercies all are round me,
And Thy pardoning love I share.

None to sinners are so tender
As art Thou, O sinless One ;
Now to Thee our thanks we render,
For on earth has Heaven begun,

Since Thou lay'st Thine Hand in blessing
On the heads of all who come
Unto Thee their sins confessing,
Thou the sinner's only Home !



BOUGHT.

VERY God on Calvary's Tree,
Thee by faith mine eyes now see—
Dying in Thine agony.

Jesu, by Thy death of pain
Cleanse us from our every stain,—
For us it did pardon gain.

By the nails that pierced Thee through,
With Thy love our hearts imbue,
With Thy strength our souls endue.

By Thy falls on Calvary's road,
By Thy Blood for us that flowed,
Bring us to the saint's abode.

By the thirst that Thou didst bear,
Grant that we, though weak, may dare
Thirst for sin from us to tear.

By the words that fell from Thee,
Gentle in Thine agony,
May our words more loving be.

By Thy pains to us unknown,
By Thy being left alone,
Keep us always as Thine own.

By Thy love for sinners lost,
By the pains our ransom cost,
May we always love Thee most.

Jesu, we belong to Thee,
Bought by Thee on Calvary's Tree,—
May we faithful children be.

IN LENT.

HEAVENLY Father, hear our cry ;
Lent hours quickly from us fly,
Passing on, but not away,
Us to meet at Thy great Day.

How shall we then on them look ?
How shall we that waiting brook ?
Help us well to use them now,
Lest in terror then we bow.

We are weak, but Thou art strong ;
Thou canst keep our souls from wrong,
And our own these words we make :
' For Thy Son, our Saviour's, sake.'

That we make our only plea,
In ourselves no good we see ;
But may wear the glorious dress
Of our Saviour's Righteousness.

Make a Lent our hearts within,
Lent of sorrow for our sin,
That with garments white we may
Share the joy of Easter-Day.

Better than the time now gone,
Make the Lent-hours coming on—
Each hour better than the last,
Till all earthly time is past.

Unto God the Three in One,
Be our faltering worship done ;
Father, Son, and Spirit blest,
One in Three for aye confessed. Amen.

LENTEN OFFERINGS.

The Teacher :

TAKE it away ; such gift is all unfit
That thy great Master e'en should look on it :
Thou dost not even offer Him thy best,
And canst thou dare to think such gift is blest ?

The Disciple :

I know—I know ; but, oh ! I did so long
That gift of mine might be His gifts among ;
I see the many blessed ones who bring
Their Lenten offerings unto our great King,
While I, alas ! must turn in tears away—
I have no gift that He will take to-day.

The Teacher :

Take out thy gifts, and look them o'er again.

The Disciple :

Now their unfitness is made still more plain—
A Lenten rule but in the letter kept ;
How o'er its deadness oft mine eyes have wept !
Then self-denial—nay, not that great name,
Self-pleasing, self-love I must own in shame ;
Prayers that die down in smoke and have no fire—
The fire of faith and love that they require ;
Half-hearted efforts, fruitless grief and weak,
For them I dare not His acceptance seek.

The Teacher :

The Master is so tender, and He may—
Perhaps He may, look on thy gifts to-day.
Just take them to Him, making no excuse ;
He may for such poor gifts find out a use ;
Yea, take them now, some answer thou wilt win.

The Disciple :

In fear and trembling hope I will go in.

* * * * *

I have been in—where else is such a King ?
 All praise and homage unto Him I bring :
 A King so high Who yet will stoop so low,
 And let me worthless gifts on Him bestow !

The Teacher :

He took thy gifts, then ? He is Love indeed !
 And strengthens, never breaks, the bruised reed.

The Disciple :

He took them, thanks be to His holy Name ;
 He did not speak one single word of blame.
 Low at His Feet my worthless gifts I spread,
 And not one word excusing them I said ;
 My tears fell on them, and I trembled much.
 Then, lo ! I felt the ever blessed Touch.
 He took my gifts : what passed I may not say.
 The memory in my heart for aye will stay.
 He made them fit. The gladness is past speech ;
 In wordless love my soul to Him doth reach.



REFRESHMENT SUNDAY.

I.

IN the midst of earth's distresses
 Come there ever times of rest ;
 And when sin and shame oppresses,
 We are with Christ's pardon blest.

For there never comes such sorrow
That has no relief at all ;
If to-day is dark, to-morrow
May see on it no shade fall.

So in midst of Lenten sadness
This Refreshment Sunday is
Cheering with its chastening gladness,
Lifting off our weariness.

Telling us of Jesus feeding
Those so weary in the way,
Tired and fainting, succour needing,
Yet with Him they fain would stay.

Jesu, Lord, if Lent is dreary,
We would spend it close to Thee ;
Thou on earth wert very weary,
And didst no refreshment see.

We refreshed are by Thy Presence
When we take the Food of Life,
Which is of all joy the Essence,
Which gives strength amid the strife.

Jesu, soon Thy bitter Passion
Will our thoughts and spirits fill ;
May we keep it in the fashion
Showed to us on Calvary's hill.

So that, when the Easter brightness
Comes, then unto us accord
That we, clad in robes of whiteness,
Go to meet our Risen Lord.



REFRESHMENT SUNDAY.

II.

‘Jerusalem which is above is free, which is the mother of us all.’—FROM THE EPISTLE.

O GLORIOUS holy City,
O City ever blest,
Where is no cause for pity
For those who in thee rest :
We here on earth while waiting
Till we shall be made free,
Thy glories are relating
Thy perfect liberty.

We here below in sadness,
To thee, dear City, turn,
For thine unending gladness
Our weary spirits yearn ;
When church-bells here are ringing,
We think of thee above,
Think of the angels singing
The endless song of love.

The time of Jesu’s Passion
Is drawing very nigh,
When we our thoughts must fashion
Beneath His Cross to lie.
Ere Passion shadows lengthen,
Our mother-church so wise,
For that sad time to strengthen
Doth point us to the skies.

She comforts us with telling
Us of our home of light,

Where we shall once be dwelling
All in pure garments white :
In Passion-time of sorrow
We put all joy aside,
Think of no glad to-morrow
When Jesus for us died.

This day of chastened gladness
Shall then our souls prepare
In our dear Master's sadness
With love to take our share.
A gleam of fleeting glory
Is on the Church to-day ;
The Crucifixion story
Will put it soon away.

A faint pale light is gleaming
Now on us from the east—
A pure ray gently beaming
On this Refreshment feast ;
When Calvary's clouds low sinking
Shall it with darkness drown,
May we then, without shrinking,
Beneath the Cross kneel down.

To God the Blessèd Father,
Who gave for us His Son
To us from darkness gather,
Be now all honour done ;
To Christ our own Salvation,
And to the Holy Ghost,
Be praise from every nation,
And from the angel-host. Amen.



REFRESHMENT SUNDAY.

III.

PASSION-TIDE much nearer draws,
Now there comes a solemn pause ;
And before we further go
Airs of Heaven upon us blow.

Of Jerusalem we're told,
Which we hope to once behold,
Of the Land of peace above,
Of the Home of perfect love.

Held in sin's hard bondage, we
Yet may hail the City free,
Hail the land where is no sin,
Where temptation comes not in.

We may gain that City fair,
We may join the angels there ;
Not in our strength—we have none—
But through God the Blessèd Son.

For He treads with us the way
Leading to Eternal Day ;
And lest we should faint and die,
Food of Life He doth supply.

When our sad tears flow apace
O'er stained garments, His good grace
Comforts us with pardon free,
Finds in our deep need a plea.

To the darkest hours of Lent
Now our faces must be bent ;

Through this day now strong may we
Pass to them quite trustfully.

He who passes Lent hours well
In the Easter peace shall dwell ;
Who to death with Christ will go
Shall His Easter greeting know.

PASSION-TIDE.

THE OUTSTRETCHED HANDS.



OW the cross more plainly shows,
And the Church to meet it goes,
Pressing on with solemn tread
Where her own Lord's steps have led ;
And, while pain her heart doth fill,
Drawing nigh to Calvary's hill.

Now with loving reverence we
Bow before the awful Tree,
As the purple of Christ's Blood
Clothes the hard rough planks of wood—
May that same stream o'er us flow,
Sin-stained souls make white as snow.

See with outstretched Hands He hangs,
Sinless, bearing deathly pangs !
And those dear Hands stretch us wide
Us to draw to His pierced Side,
Stretched in agony of pain
Blessings on our heads they rain.

Moses, type of our dear King,
With spread arms did victory bring,
His own weakness he forestalled,
Hur and Aaron to him called,
They upheld him on each side,—
Nails to Christ that aid supplied.

Still those Arms from Heaven above,
Stretch o'er us in tender love,
With their shadow draw us back
When we leave the narrow track,
Stretch in blessing when we creep
To the cross our sins to weep.

If they stretch our souls to smite
Through the pierced place shines the light ;
Night entire can never be
Where those Hands stretch lovingly.
Yea, they ever stretch to bless,
Though at times they cause distress.

May we now this lesson learn,
Let it in our spirits burn,
That in fast or festival
Christ's dear Hands must stretch through all.
Things to which they do not reach,
Freedom from, we Him beseech.

As to Passion pathways dim
Now we turn, we pray to Him,
That He near to us will stay.
Bless to us each solemn day,
So when dawns the Easter bright
We may bear the risen light.



A PASSION PRAYER.

'Look that thou make them after the pattern which was
showed thee in the mount.'—EX. xxv. 40.

BLESSED Saviour, by Thy Passion,
Come, and our whole selves re-fashion,
Us for Thine own take :

Thou of every grace the Fountain,
 By Thy Pattern on the mountain,
 Let us all things make.

As Thy foes Thine Hands were fixing
 To the Cross, with their oaths mixing,
 Came thy prayerful word ;
 Thou Who would'st all nations gather
 Unto Thee, didst pray the Father
 Pardon to accord.

Holy Jesu, by Thy bleeding,
 By Thy gentle interceding,
 Make me like to Thee ;
 Nought on earth needs my forgiving,
 Yet from Thee such grace receiving,
 It may come from me.

By Thy pains for us recorded,
 By the Holy Spirit worded,
 By Thy pains unknown,
 In all times of fierce temptation,
 Thou Who art our strong Salvation,
 Keep us Thine alone.

By Thy bitter pain in dying,
 Help us when on deathbed lying
 All our pangs to bear.
 That through Thy most dear protection,
 We Thy blessed Resurrection
 At the last may share.



PASSION-TIDE.

LORD JESU at Thy Passion-tide
 Close to Thy Cross we would abide,—
 Let nothing draw us from Thy Side.

For love of us Thou hangest there,
For love of us all pain didst bear—
And shall we not Thine anguish share ?

'Twas our sin lifted thee on high
Upon the Cross of Calvary,
And now before that Cross we lie.

We dare not stand with Mary blest,
But with the Magdalen distressed
Low on the ground our brows are pressed.

Thy Face so awful and so sweet
We dare not now look up and meet
But we may touch Thy Blessed Feet.

Amidst the hush on Calvary's hill
With power of love our weak hearts fill,
And teach us Thy most Holy will.

For 'tis no good with Thee to spend
Thy Passion-time, then at the end,
Forgetting all, to homeward wend.

The memory of Thy Passion-pain
Must ever in our hearts remain ;
Or we no lasting good shall gain.

Who spend Thy Passion-tide with Thee
Shall once a glorious Easter see,
And at Thy Resurrection be.

Grant us with steadfast eyes to look,
Redeemer, on Thy Passion-book,
Whose print for us a red shade took.

O King of Love, upon the Tree,
We Thee in royal purple see,—
And through that purple make our plea.

AN INTERCESSORY LITANY OF THE
PASSION.

GOD the Father, Spirit, Son,
One in Three and Three in One,
Unto Thee be worship done ;
Holy, Blessed Trinity.

Jesu, Master, hear our prayer,
Thou for every soul dost care,
Love for others we would share ;
Blessed Jesu, hear us.

Jesu, hear us intercede
For our brethren now in need,
And for them Thy Passion plead ;
Blessed Jesu, hear us.

By Thy prayer unanswered still,
'Take this cup if 'tis Thy Will,'
Souls with patient courage fill ;
Blessed Jesu, hear us.

By the unjust judgment-seat,
Holy Jesus, we entreat
Grant to sinners mercy sweet ;
Blessed Jesu, hear us.

By the bonds that held Thee fast
Help all those in prison cast,
Freedom grant or first or last ;
Blessed Jesu, hear us.

By the covering of Thine Eyes
Help each soul in doubt that lies ;
On all let Thy light arise ;
Blessed Jesu, hear us.

By Thy scourging, Jesu blest,
Heal all those by sin distressed,
On them may Thy mercy rest ;
 Blessed Jesu, hear us.

By the cruel crown of thorn,
In Thy love for sinners borne,
Teach all souls for sin to mourn ;
 Blessed Jesu, hear us,

By that last most awful Way
Draw to Thee all those who stray,
Make them follow Thee, we pray ;
 Blessed Jesu, hear us.

By the piercing of the nails
Help all those whom sin assails,
Strengthen every soul that quails ;
 Blessed Jesu, hear us.

By Thy bitter pains and woe
Help all those who suffering know,
On them strength to bear bestow ;
 Blessed Jesu, hear us.

By Thine Arms outstretched on high,
By Thine interceding cry,
Teach all souls for Thee to sigh ;
 Blessed Jesu, hear us.

By the shelter opened wide
By the soldier in Thy Side,
May they in Thy mercy hide ;
 Blessed Jesu, hear us.

By each patient loving word
May Thy Voice, O Gracious Lord,
Now by every soul be heard ;
 Blessed Jesu, hear us.

By Thy giving up Thy Life
 Help each soul in its last strife.
 When temptation-storms are rife ;
 Blessed Jesu, hear us.

By Thy bitter pains unknown,
 Help all those who grieve alone,
 Note each sigh, receive each groan ;
 Blessed Jesu, hear us.

By Thy preaching unto those
 Who had erewhile been Thy foes,
 Grant to those who sleep repose ;
 Blessed Jesu, hear us.

Grant, at Thy last awful day,
 We, with those for whom we pray,
 At Thy blest Right Hand may stay ;
 Blessed Jesu, hear us.



IN TYPE.

‘Abimelech took an axe in his hand and cut down a bough from the trees, and took it and laid it on his shoulder, and said unto the people that were with him, What ye have seen me do, make haste, and do as I have done.’—JUDGES ix. 48.

CHRIST is found in type and shadow
 In the holy Bible page ;
 Found by those who seek Him truly,
 From the first to latest age.
 Those poor sceptics, fiercely striving,
 Vainly war against it wage.
 Oft the bad are types most precious,
 In the things they do and say,

And we find our Saviour's Passion
In the type we hold to-day,
And His Voice that voice re-echoes,
Calling to the narrow way.

He comes forth, and on His shoulder
Bears the bitter, painful Tree,
While His tender Voice is calling,
'Do as I do, follow Me.'
And we answer, faltering, weeping,
'Master, we will go with Thee.'

We must hasten, shadows lengthen,
Day-hours quickly will be run ;
We will hasten, for no following
In the night can e'er be done.
In the daylight we will hasten,
Westward journeys now the sun.

Only at such long, long distance,
Can we follow at the best,
In the valley struggle onward
As He gains the steep hill's crest,
Yet He though so far before us
Never out of sight has pressed.

Let us take it closely to us—
That dear Cross that He first bore,
Hold it tightly, press it to us,
Till it reaches our heart-core,
That its mark be found upon us
When our earthly life is o'er.

Blessed they who through the veiling
Of all types and shadows see
Christ the Saviour, Who in Flesh-veil
Our Redeemer came to be,

Who, while prisoned in the Body,
Set us by His coming free.

Grant, we pray, O Jesu Master,
When all veils are done away,
We may see Thee, Light Eternal,
In the Land of endless Day,
And to Thee with Saints and Angels
Perfect adoration pay.



‘HIS BLOOD BE ON US.’

‘His Blood on us,’—they knew not what they said,
When with fierce cry
And clamorous shout, and curse, they asked that He,
Their God, should die.

With heads bowed down in penitential grief
We say the same ;

His Blood be on us and our homes, we pray,
In His dear Name.

His Blood *was* on us when at the blest font
Life was begun ;

His Blood be on us when our strength all fails,
And life is done.

His Blood is on us when we take that Food—
The Bread of Heaven ;

His Blood is on us when we mourn our sins
And are forgiven.

His Blood be on us all our earthly life ;
And when we die,

That Blood be on our souls as we go hence
So peacefully.

That Blood be on us in the Courts of Heaven
For evermore,
Where, bodies, souls, and spirits cleansed, we may
Our Lord adore.



THE LAST WEEK.

ON this last week our Saviour spent on earth
Before His Passion, let us hush all mirth ;
And drawing close in spirit to His Side,
Through these sad days in pain with Him abide.

Be laughter stilled, less frequent be our smile,
Be we with those blest ones who mourn awhile,
And surely pleasure will have now no power
To draw us, at our Saviour's dying hour.

Ah, when we feel our loved ones will not stay
With us on earth, then how we watch and pray
Lest we should lose one little look or word !—
Then let us do the same by our dear Lord.

May we in faith this last week ever see
Our suffering Lord Who died for you and me ;
And though the flesh is feeble, let us stay
Close to His Side on His last painful way.

And may we feel within our inmost heart
Each pang which caused our Blessed Lord's to smart;
Though infinite the distance, let us go
Near to Him as we may these days of woe.

And every word He utters may we keep
And ponder on with pain and pleasure deep ;
His words are numbered, and He soon will die,
For love of us, on Calvary lifted high.

O Jesu Lord, give us such strength and grace
That we may bear to look upon Thy Face ;
And grant to us, dear Lord, the pardon free,
Which Thou didst purchase on the shameful Tree.

And Saviour Christ, when this sad week is past,
And Easter brightness shines for us at last,
May we, through sorrow for our sins grown pale,
Hear Thee within our souls speak Thine ' All hail !'

For whoso doth that Easter blessing win,
Has joy unspeakable his heart within ;
And grant to us true Easter peace, we pray,
At Home, O Lord, with Thee in endless Day.



TO THE CROSS.

O CROSS on which my Saviour hung—
Dear Cross, thy praise is on my tongue,
And on thine arms my hopes are flung.

O blessed Cross, thine arms outstretched,
My soul from lowest depths have fetched,
My spirit from destruction snatched.

O thou tall Cross of rough-hewn wood,
Thy graces are not understood,
Thou hope of sinners, blessed Rood.

O Tree of Life, for healing set,
With dark red stains thy leaves are wet,
And cure from them all nations get.

O Wood, when dropped in waters sour,
To make them sweet thou hast the power—
Thou makest sweet each trial-hour.

When trembling from the tempest's shock,
While wind and storm my anguish mock,
I cling to thee, thou firm-set rock.

For thy foundations are so deep,
No storm thee from thy place can sweep,
And I may in thy shelter keep.

When that last storm that we call death,
Steals all my strength and stops my breath,
Thou Throne of Christ of Nazareth,

I fain would lay me down on thee
To bear me safely o'er the sea
To stormless, glad Eternity.



THE AGONY IN THE GARDEN.

As sun is hid by cloud,
Christ in the garden bowed.
The Paschal moon above was bright,
While He, Who is the world's true Light,
Beneath a spreading tree
Was bowed in agony.

Before we dare draw nigh,
Our shoes we must put by :
Ere we approach, that we may think
Of that dread time when Christ did shrink,
Our souls we must prepare,
Nor come unhallowed there.

There Christ, the Lord of all,
In agony did fall ;
And He, the Very Life of life,
Shrank at the thought of deathly strife,

As that dread crimson sweat
The ground around did wet.

They who should watch have kept
In sleep of sorrow slept,
While He Who came mankind to save
Seemed their poor sympathy to crave ;
But they were held in sleep,
While Christ His watch did keep.

O agony of prayer,
We scarce the thought can bear ;
That He Who hears our every cry,
And heeds our lightest breath or sigh,
Should pray a prayer of pain
Unanswered to remain.

Christ, by Thy prayer alone,
And by Thy pains unknown,
Thy yielding up Thy human Will,
The shrinking that Thy soul did fill,
Deliver us in all
Temptations that befall.

Christ, by Thy bitter cry,
Thine unknown agony,
When pains of death our spirits shake,
May we through them ne'er Thee forsake,
But, through Thy bitter pain,
Eternal life attain.



OUR KING.

'Art Thou a King, then?'—ST. JOHN xviii. 37.
Behold your King !'—ST. JOHN xiv. 14.

A MONARCH crowned with thorns,
A King throned on the Rood—
A purple robe our Prince adorns,
The purple of His Blood.
Our King, we come to Thee,
To Thee our homage pay,
Our service, worthless though it be,
Thou wilt not turn away.
Thou reignest on the Tree—
There Thou wert stripped of all,
That we may never needy be,
When for Thy help we call.
Thy crown of piercing thorn
For us a crown will buy,
A crown of love to us adorn
Throughout Eternity.
For us fair garments white
Thy red Robe did procure ;
Pure raiment that will bear the light,
And evermore endure.
Thy holy nail-pierced Hands
Put power into our own,
And loosed for us are Satan's bands
Through nails that held Thee down.
The superscription there,
With bitter mocking rife,
Will write our names with letters fair
In Thy dear Book of Life.

The spear that pierced Thy Side
 For us procures a rest,
 In which we sinners joyful hide,
 And are with pardon blest.

Thy death-cry sets us free
 From death that lasts for aye,
 And since thy Death death's stormy sea
 But takes us into Day.

We fain would thank Thy love,
 But earthly words all fail;
 Then may our acts Thy Kingship prove,
 And Thee our Monarch hail.



THIRD HOUR THOUGHTS.

'Let the words of my mouth and the meditation of my heart
 be always acceptable in Thy sight, O Lord, my Strength, and
 my Redeemer.'

O LORD, my Master, Thee I bow before,
 At this dread hour of nine I thee adore,—
 Calling to mind the sufferings Thou didst bear,
 In meditation I that suffering share.

Thou didst the Cross of bitter anguish take,
 While in that hour Thy friends did Thee forsake,
 Thou 'neath the weight of its dread wood wast
 bowed

Alone, save for that jeering taunting crowd.

Thou bear'st the anguish of those two-edged
 swords—

The swords of doubting, wicked, hating words;
 No groan did tell of all Thy woe profound
 When only cruel foes did throng Thee round.

At this sad hour the sentence did condemn,
Thou then didst wear the cruel diadem ;
Thou, O our King, Whose one word could have
 hurled
To dire destruction then this guilty world.

Thinking of Thee, O Lord the Crucified,
In bitter shame and grief my face I hide,—
Remembering how at every pain I shrink,
And so hold back when I Thy cup should drink.

Ah, how I start at words I call unjust !
Now the remembrance smites me to the dust ;
The awful sentence Thou didst bear for me,
While I ungladly bear small things for Thee.

Lord, I am sorry for my past unzeal ;
Grant I may live the sorrow that I feel.
Jesu, to Thee my feeble hands I reach,
And pardon for my shortcomings beseech.

And grant to me, O Lord, O Love Divine,
That every morning at the hour of nine
Thy anguish bitter I may call to mind,
And in the thought fresh strength and vigour find.

When I before Thee as my Judge appear,
May I the sentence undeserved hear :
'O blessed child of My Great Father, come
And take thy place in My Eternal Home.'



THE CROWN OF THORNS. .

‘Casting down imaginations.’

JESU, when our thoughts are straying,
Fix, O fix them all on Thee,
As to Thee we would be praying,
And in fancies wild they flee.

Once the crown of thorns was lifted
To thy holy, patient Brow ;
By it thoughts, which from Thee drifted,
Call back to Thee even now.

Grant to us such recollection,
That we close to Thee abide,
In the sad yet sweet reflection
Of Thy love, Who for us died.

Jesu, in Thy sorrow lonely,
Thinking of us all the while :
Think we of Thy Passion only,
Nor may other thoughts beguile.

When, in vain imagination,
Far from Thee in thought we flee,
Then be Thou our strong Salvation,
Cast all down, we ask of Thee.

Jesu, crownèd now with glory,
Us with pardon crown at last ;
And, while lasts our life-long story,
May our thoughts on Thee be cast,

Till we gain the Home of blessing,
Where in realms of endless day
Thou our thoughts wilt be possessing,
Ne’er again to let them stray.

THE TWO DEEPS.

‘One deep calleth another.’—PSALM xlii. 9.

DEEP calleth unto deep ; the deep of sin
Cries voiceless to the deep of Jesu’s love ;
And, lo ! that all-unfathomed depth doth move,
Sin’s feeblest cry for help will answer win.
The deep of love our God nailed to the Tree,
And on that Tree we fix our anchor, Hope—
While in the darkness to that Tree we grope ;
We toss upon the deep of sin’s great sea,
And then, all powerless with its waves to cope,
To greater depth we turn, O Christ, to Thee.
Deep, past all telling, is the deep of sin,
But deeper far Thy loving mercies are !
Our sin is swallowed up Thy love within ;
And to Thy deep of love there is no bar.



THE REST OF THE CROSS.

O WEARY hearts, O toilworn hands,
Look upward, here is rest—
Against the sky a Cross outstands,
The hope and comfort of all lands ;
Who looks to it is blest.

Upon its arms hang all thy care,
Those arms will take it all :
See, many griefs are hanging there ;
No grief but it the Cross will bear,
It counts no grief too small.

Then if the griefs still touch thine heart,
Although their weight is gone,
With joy endure the little smart,
Joy in the dark to take a part,
The sun for thee has shone.

Beneath the Cross alone is rest—
There is no rest beside ;
Thou, by sin's burden much distressed,
Kneel down, by strength of love possessed
For Him Who on it died.

Here rest is found for weary souls,
And safety evermore ;
Though round the Cross a tempest rolls,
Its strength the Cross's King controls,
And soon the storm is o'er.

To Thee, O Gracious King, we pray—
To Thee make our request.
In all we think, or do, or say,
May we beneath the Cross still stay,
Beneath its shadow rest.

And now we lift our voice to Thee,
To ask Thee that at last,
When at the dawn all shadows flee,
May we beneath the Cross still be
When earthly pains are past.



‘BEHOLD YOUR KING!’

‘Behold the King walketh before you.’—1 SAM. xii. 2.

‘Behold your King! He bearing His Cross went forth.’—
ST. JOHN xix. 14, 17. . . .

‘BEHOLD your King!’ Behold He walks before,
He is thy Guide upon thy pilgrim way;
He thee will lead straight to the deathless shore,
If from His guidance thou wilt never stray.

‘Behold your King!’ Behold His Hands and Feet
All pierced for thee upon the Tree of love;
Those Hands outstretched thy sinful soul to greet,
Those Feet that tarry thee to guide above.

‘Behold your King!’ It is a royal way
That thou dost tread, for He has gone before;
For Him upon it rose no joyful day,
While soon for thee all darkness will be o’er.

‘Behold your King!’ Look forward unto Him,
He tells thee ‘Come,’ and never bids thee ‘Go;’
He lighteth up the pathway else so dim,
And clear before thee His dear footprints show.

‘Behold your King!’ To Him the path was hard,
But He has smoothed its roughnesses for thee;
All round thee now His love has placed a guard:
Trust in that love and ever faithful be.

‘Behold your King!’ Then love the painful road
That of His love to thee so plainly tells;
Think how it leads thee to His own Abode,
Where in full majesty He ever dwells.

‘Behold your King!’ By faith we see Him now,
But when earth’s way is ended, of His grace
We shall before His throne of mercy bow,
And look with rapture on His Blessed Face.

KING.

REIGNING on the awful Tree,
King of Glory, Thee we see,
In Thy hidden Majesty.

Lo ! our thoughts all to Thee tend,
Unto Thee our spirits bend,
Shame and sorrow in us blend.

For our sins we now feel shame,
Yet Thy love doth speak no blame,
And we glory in Thy Name.

Reign now in our hearts, we pray ;
From them, Saviour, take away
All that is opposed to Day.

Chase the cloud that on us lies,
Let Thy Day-star on us rise,
Darkness ever from Thee flies.

Darkness yet Thou once hast known
As upon the Cross's Throne
Thou didst suffer for Thine own.

Thou didst bear it, Lord Divine,
That the sun might on us shine—
Never was such love as Thine !

When from our small pains we shrink,
Teach us then on Thee to think,
On the cup that Thou didst drink.

Low beneath Thy Cross we lie,
May Thy love our wants supply,
Make us safe eternally.

Thee we thank, O Mighty King,
Whose death did deliverance bring ;
And our hearts before Thee fling.

Trample on them with Thy Feet,
Make them give out odours sweet,
For Thy blessed Presence meet.

Body, soul, and spirit we,
Saviour, consecrate to Thee,
Thou our King shalt ever be.



THE SILENCE OF OUR BLESSED LORD.

‘Jesus held His peace.’—ST. MATT. xxvi. 63.

HE by Whose Word the heavens and earth were
made,
Who spake and it was done, the Son Divine,
In earthly garments for our sakes arrayed,
Stood silent near His judge and made no sign.

He made no sign Whose slightest word could bring
Legions of angels from the Land on high
To take their stations round their blessed King,
They needed but His bidding there to fly.

O high restraint ! no angel He could need,
Who by His word His foes could down have
brought ;
Our needs to Him all voiceless then did plead,
Through His great pain salvation would be
wrought.

Then to His silence we can hold the key ;
 For love of us our King could silent stand.
 He bore all anguish that He once might see
 Us safe and happy in the blessed Land.

And can we not for love of Him restrain
 Our words, and sometimes for Him silent be ?
 Words we have spoken oft have caused Him pain,
 We speak so much, and oh, so carelessly.

Oh by Thy silence, by Thy speech, O Lord,
 Teach us to speak for Thee, for Thee to wait ;
 Our times of silence, and our every word,
 We fain to Thee would ever consecrate.

Lord Jesus, bless us when at last shall come
 Death's silence to our lips ; draw us to Thee.
 Grant us a place in Thine eternal Home
 Where only pure and holy words can be.



MONARCH.

Now His crown our Monarch bears,
 Royal purple now He wears,
 Soon will mount His Throne ;
 Let us, then, to Him to-day
 Kneel and lowly homage pay,
 Own Him King alone.

But His crown is not of gold,
 He for sceptre reed doth hold,
 And His robe is shame.
 Can this Man a Monarch be,
 Can He Who in need we see
 Bear a kingly name ?

Hush, kneel down and hide thy face,
More than King is in this place ;
God is truly here.
Crown He bears of cruel thorn,
Wears the purple robe of scorn—
Worship Him, and fear.

Nay, I need not tell you why
This our King comes forth to die—
Makes the Cross His Throne.
By His bleeding thorn-crowned Head,
By the Blood-drops for us shed,
His great love is known.

Make Him King within your heart,
King of all, keep back no part—
Make thy heart His throne.
Bring a crown, but not of thorn :
Thy love's crown He will not scorn,
Feeble love will own.

With your tears His Wounds bedew,
Wounds He took for love of you—
Kneel, and Him adore.
Ne'er from you He will depart,
Keep Him shrined within your heart—
Monarch evermore.



ON THE MOUNT.

○ SAVIOUR, Saviour, let Thy bitter pain
Some grief from me obtain ;
My tears should fall like rain,
But, ah, alas ! my heart is hard and chill,
Yet such hard heart Thou canst with sorrow fill.

O Saviour, teach my heart and eyes to weep ;
Here to Thy Cross I creep,
And see Thine anguish deep.
In nails that hold Thee here I see my sin ;
My sin to Thee let such deep sorrow in.

Yet though my sins have nailed Thee to the Tree,
I needs must come to Thee,
For while Thy pain I see,
I see Thy love far stronger than Thy pain ;
While Thou art here near Thee I must remain.

E'en now the hours of this dark week of woe
So swiftly from us go,
Yet ere we Easter know
Stamp this week's impress deeply in our heart,
That in all after-joy it may have part.

Low as I kneel, let Thy dear Blood-drops red
Fall softly on my head ;
My soul to Thee has fled :
Here in Thy pain with Thee I would abide,
And nothing know save Jesus crucified.



CRUCIFIED.

'They crucified Him.'—ST. LUKE xxiii. 33.

'Crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh.'—HEB. vi. 6.

THE Lord of Life they crucified,
The while for them His Arms stretched wide ;
They placed the thorny diadem
On Him Who came in love to them.
With cruel nails a way they made
Through Hands that came to be their aid,

Through Feet that on their errands went,
By them the bitter nails were sent ;
For them He came here Flesh to wear,
And earthly robes from Him they tear.
His cup of joy He laid aside,
With bitter drink they Him deride ;
He Who as Saviour came from high,
By His own creatures doomed to die.

Before the Blood for sinners spilt,
Before the awful, awful guilt,
We stand amazed with faces pale,
And fitting words of blame all fail,
That with a Cross they greeted Him
Who came as Light to this world dim,
That they death-sentence gladly speak
On Him Who came their souls to seek.

Alas ! alas ! we sadly own
We as those guilty ones are known ;
When we their trespass speak to blame,
We call attention to our shame.
We freshly, daily crucify
The Lord Who came for us to die ;
By careless thought, and word, and deed,
We make His holy Wounds to bleed ;
We did it all, we sadly own,
And tears of contrite grief flow down.

Low at Thy Cross, O Lord, we kneel,
And strive true penitence to feel.
'Twas we who caused Thee all Thy pain,
And yet Thy tender love is plain ;
Then in us crucify all sin,
And make us Thine own peace to win—

The peace that comes from pardon blest
That Thou dost grant to souls distressed ;—
Lord, we are sorry ; Lord, 'twas we
Who on the Cross did fasten Thee.



THE TREE OF LIFE.

SEE, the Tree of Life is bearing
On its blessed bough the Fruit
Which through all time was preparing—
Fruit which also is the Root ;
And our contrite souls are daring
Rest to find at that Tree's foot.

Wide and far those boughs are spreading,
To each soul they fain would reach ;
Graces down on all are shedding
Who in prayer for them beseech.
Sin's great host their power is dreading ;
Hope and peace to all they preach.

Tree whose Fruit is all for healing,
Wounded souls 'neath Thee may hide ;
Leaves for every pain they're feeling
Here to cure will be applied :
Through those leaves the faint breeze stealing,
Ever tells of Him Who died.

Palm of Life, up Thee ascending,
Of Thy boughs we will take hold ;
Ne'er for pain our grasp unbending,
Yea, through suffering made more bold—
All our hopes on Thee depending ;
Trustful, though night round us fold.

Awful was the preparation
Ere the Tree of Life could bloom ;
And the Fruit of our salvation
Came to ripeness in deep gloom,
As on Calvary's elevation
For that Life-tree they found room.

Here alone from earth's distresses
Is a holy shelter found ;
Storm, that round it ever presses,
Cannot loose it from the ground ;
Here the enemy confesses
With green withs he well is bound.

Here that Tree took root in sadness,
And in anguish fruit it bore,
As men raged in awful madness,
Counting its life-story o'er.
It will bloom in endless gladness
On the nightless country's shore.

We must each a leaf be holding
Through earth's time of that dear Tree ;
To its likeness our lives moulding,
As we its fair pattern see.
Then that leaf will round be folding,
As earth's shadows from us flee.

Laud and honour, power and blessing,
Be from men and angels done
Unto Him Whose love confessing
We adore as God the Son,
All our worship now addressing
To the Blessed Three in One. Amen.



THE THRONE OF THE PASSION.

HAIL, holy Cross, whose arms outspread
 Were our Redeemer's dying bed ;
 O Tree of Life, whose Fruit must die*
 Ere life to all it could supply.

Here is the Sceptre of the King,†
 Whose touch us near to Him will bring.
 And, kneeling at this Throne so blest,
 For endless life we make request.‡

The Chariot our own King hath made§
 In royal purple is arrayed,
 And paved with love, ah ! in it we
 Can carried to His own land be.

Behold His Bed,|| behold, and see—
 A bed on which no rest can be.
 From it at first His warriors fled ;
 Now, grieved, they gather round His Bed.

Hail, holy Palm,¶ to whose ascent
 Our King in love and suffering went ;
 Who gathered palms that they might be
 Held by us through eternity.

Hail, holy Cross, this Passion-tide,
 Beneath thine arms we would abide,
 And, kneeling, kiss the crimson stains
 That tell us here a Monarch reigns.

Through storm our Pilot long watch kept,
 And then He on this Pillow slept ;**

* Gen. ii. 9. † Esth. v. 2. ‡ Esth. vii. 3.

§ Cant. iii. 9, 10. || Cant. iii. 7, 8. ¶ Cant. vii. 8.

** St. Mark iv. 38.

And since that sleep all heads are blest
That on this Pillow dying rest.

This is the Way that 'needs must' go*
The King Whose love had made it so ;
Here the deep Well,† by whose dark brink
The weary Saviour asked for drink.

'Tis here He made His marriage-feast,‡
Where He is Bridegroom, He is Priest ;
And from this place His mystic Bride
With wine for ever is supplied.

Here is the holy Mount§ where we
Transfigured by His death may be ;
And blessed they, who are allowed
To worship here e'en though through cloud.

This is the Ship|| that in deep sea
Put out that we ne'er drowned might be ;
And, nailed upon this awful deck,
His own He loves, and keeps from wreck.

This is the Scrip¶ each one must take
Who would a holy journey make.
This is the Purse whose mighty store
Will last us till this life is o'er.

O holy Cross, all hail, all hail !
All words to tell thy glory fail.
But may the Passion of the King
Us nearer to thy meaning bring !

* St. John iv. 4.

† St. John iv. 6.

‡ St. John ii. 1, 9.

§ St. Mark ix. 2.

|| St. Luke v. 3.

¶ St. Luke xxii. 36.



THE FOURTH WORD.

CHRIST hanging on the Cross those long, long hours,
Had asked forgiveness for His bitter foes,
Through the great Father-Name, which by His grace
We now may use ; had spoken to the thief
The word of absolution and of peace ;
Had for the blessed Mother found a home
With loved St. John.

Then darkness gathered fast,
The noon-day sun was veiled, and silence fell
On the great mocking crowd beneath the Cross ;
Men spoke in whispers if they spoke at all.
Then through the silence thrilled a Voice of awe :
'Eli, Eli, lama sabachthani ?'
'My God, My God, why hast forsaken Me ?'

In woe surpassing all our hearts can think,
The Soul of Christ was plunged for love of us,
The waters of affliction Him o'erwhelmed,
And the great Father's Face was from Him veiled.
For a brief span our sins had blotted out
The Father-Name, yet unto Him as God,
And as 'My God' the Son could to Him cry,
And midst the waters that o'erwhelmed His Soul
Could by that little 'My' His Father reach.

Twice more He spake, and then the darkness cleared,
And brightly shone the sun on earth again ;
Then from the Soul of our Redeemer Christ
The cloud was lifted, loudly out He spake
The blessed Father-Name, and as a child
Tired out will sink to rest, He bowed His Head,
And by His Will from Him His Spirit passed.

Now by the love shown on the Cross made bold,
We come to Christ, and ask Him that we may
Begin our lives with 'Father' on our lips.
That when our earthly trials us distress,
God may be '*my* God' midst all pain and grief.
Grief like our King's can never once be ours ;
He was o'erwhelmed that we might ne'er despair.
The Father veiled from Him the Presence blest,
That Presence which to us is always near,
Which as a garment wraps us all around.

At such great distance we may follow Christ
That sometimes we can dare to cry His cry,
To cry it while we know that God is near,
And loves us most when to us darkness comes,
And guides us when we feel no guiding Hand.

We do not ask from grief to be set free ;
We ask that when our earthly life shall end
The Father-name we may take on our lips,
And holding fast and trusting to that Name,
We shall not dread the cold dark stream of death ;
But saying, 'Father,' shall in Him lie down,
So pass in safety to our Father's home.



IN DARKNESS.

'He hath led me and brought me into darkness, and not into light.'—FIRST MORNING LESSON, TUESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

'Who is among you that feareth the Lord, that obeyeth the voice of His servant, that walketh in darkness and hath no light ? let him trust in the name of the Lord, and stay upon his God.'—EPISTLE, TUESDAY BEFORE EASTER.

MOST wondrous thought of Him the Light of Light
Led into night—

Of Him, Light's Source, the deepest darkness bearing,

That souls might aye find light to Him repairing,

That we might be

Through His great woe from endless darkness free.

And yet e'en now to those that love and fear

Come times of drear,

When darkness so around their way is spreading,

They cannot see the path their feet are treading—

Then let them think

They taste the cup Christ to the dregs did drink.

Our dark is always gilded with some light,

'Tis not all night ;

And while we see not, to His wisdom trusting,

We know our God is all for us adjusting,

And in His day

Will roll the clouds of darkness quite away.

O Thou, the Light of Light for our souls led

To darkness dread,

O help us, when on us thick clouds are falling,

To bear them gladly, Thy dark night recalling—

That we may be

Amidst the darkness ever near to Thee.

O Saviour, darkness here not long will last,

'Twill soon be past ;

And they who here have borne the darkness sorrow

Shall hear Thee call them to a glad to-morrow,

When earthly night

Shall pass away for ever from Thy light.



THE BLESSED THIRST.

‘Give Me to drink.’—ST. JOHN iv. 7.

‘I thirst.’—ST. JOHN xix. 28.

IN the warm east the day drew near its close,
And lengthening shadows whispered of repose;
Then weary toilers hailed those shadows blest,
And thought with gladness of the evening rest.

With vessel poised on head a woman came
For water to the well of Jacob’s name;
There lo! a weary One sat at the brink,
Who said in gentle tones, ‘Give Me to drink.’

O wondrous weariness! O wondrous thirst,
Borne by Him Who caused living streams to burst
From flinty rock, and now another stone
Gives water to the weary, homeless One.

To find the lost He ‘must needs’ come that way,
So sat He weary in the sunset’s ray.
He bore the human and Redeemer’s thirst,
That from that rocky heart pure streams might
burst.

* * * * *

A daytime dark as night, an awestruck crowd
Beneath the weight of unknown terrors bowed,
A Cross scarce seen in all the darkness round,
And blood-drops falling slowly to the ground.

Not like this scene to that calm holy eve
When stone-like heart did living streams receive;
And yet ‘Give Me to drink’ had been the word
That echoed as ‘I thirst’ e’en now is heard.

O thirst of Jesus, crying still aloud,
 Till all our wills before His Will are bowed ;
 'Give Me to drink' to every soul is said,
 And while we wait 'I thirst' sounds o'er our head.

For us He thirsts, and we can give Him drink,
 Request and cry together closely link—
 Dear Lord, unsatisfied Thou shalt not be,
 See now our souls a draught are bringing Thee.

All thick and muddy is the draught we bring,
 But Thou canst make it clear, O gracious King ;
 Thou dost not turn away from our poor gift,
 But to Thy blessed Lips wilt it uplift.

O grant that we the living streams may know,
 And open wide our hearts to their blest flow ;
 Then see Thee at the last on Thy great Throne,
 And worship Thee where never thirst is known.



THE CROSS THE SCHOOL OF CONTRITION.

How can I for my sin
 True sorrow win ?
 How can I weep ? My heart is like a stone,
 And scarcely grieves, although my guilt I own.

I kneel before the Tree
 Of Calvary,
 And One is reigning there—my King, my King :
 In shame and sorrow to Thy Feet I cling.

'Twas I who placed Thee there ;
 How can I bear
 To look on Thee Whom I have done to death,
 And still retain this guilty labouring breath ?

Low in the dust I fall :
 I did it all,
I brought the nails, I wove the thorny crown,
And placed it on Thy Head, and pressed it down.
 For me Thou hangest there;
 Though all may share
Thy Death, I know if I had sinned alone,
For me alone Thou wouldst this Death have known.
 O Lord, O Love Divine,
 Upon me shine ;
Teach me to grieve for sin ; each time I sin
I press the thorns down, drive the sharp nails in.
 Thou didst from that dread Tree
 My trespass see ;
For my sins singly Thou didst there atone,
And there sin's shame and weight was to Thee
 known.
 Here, Saviour, let me stay,
 And day by day,
Clinging to Thee, learn the deep guilt of sin,
And in the learning true contrition win.



LIFE TASTING DEATH. .

WE often say, 'For us our Saviour died,'
Well knowing that His death our life supplied ;
But do we ever stay and strive to think
Of Him, the Lord of Life, on death's dark brink ?—
That He Who all things knew, yet did not know
That valley dark through which He then must go ?
(*Must go*, His mighty love did Him constrain,
That love was stronger far than any pain.)

Light touching darkness, Pureness meeting sin,
Life tasting death that we true life might win :
This do we see, and know our Saviour shrank
As to the dregs the cup of death He drank.
We cannot know the bitterness, 'tis meet
That once the stream of death should touch our feet ;
But He is Life itself. O wondrous thought,
Of Life through love to death's dark portal brought.

We often shrink from what we do not know,
Hold back when we through unknown paths should go ;
Then we can calm us thinking of the day
When Christ our Saviour went the unknown way.
Though dark to us, to Him all paths are light,
And He can make the darkest journey bright ;
He bore all darkness that we ne'er might be
In such dark night that Him we cannot see.

Then what is death to us ? A pathway dim,
Through which our happy souls shall pass to Him ;
A valley, where the hills on either side
Touched with His sunlight ever do abide ;
A voyage, which at the longest is but short,
And lands glad souls within the blessed port ;
A slumber brief, a folding hands to rest,
From which the waking shall be long and blest.

O Saviour Christ, it was not thus with Thee ;
Thou wert o'erwhelmed as we can never be.
And so we thank Thee, and will strive to praise
Thy love while here we spend our earthly days.
Thou of our life dost hold each single thread,
So there is nought our feeble souls should dread :
Then, dear Redeemer, unto Thee we come,
And welcome death that leads us to our home.

THE SEVEN LAST WORDS.

THE FIRST WORD.

'Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.'

Lo, the Victim on the Altar
Stretches out each sacred Limb,
As the soldiers, with coarse mockery,
To the Rood-tree fasten Him.

He Who spake not to His judges,
Speaks now in His anguish sore ;
Listen, 'tis not for deliverance,
Or revenge He doth implore.

Bear in mind 'tis God thy Maker
On the Cross low-lying there ;
Then, with reverent awe and wonder,
Listen to thy Saviour's prayer.

Words of tender care and pity
From His tortured, parched lips flow,
'Father, pardon them' (His murderers) ;
'What they do they do not know.'

Blessed Jesu, God most holy,
On our hearts these words impress ;
By them those that hurt and grieve us
Teach us evermore to bless.

Help us to look for excuses
For all injuries to us done—
Real excuses, not half-hearted—
Following Thee, O God the Son.

And for all our sins, Lord Jesu,
Speak that all-prevailing prayer ;
Let us, sinful yet repentant,
In that blessed First Word share. Amen.

THE SECOND WORD.

‘To-day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise.’

CHRIST, the King of earth and heaven,
Hanging on the Tree of shame,
Reigning in His awful anguish,
There showed forth His holy Name.

He Whose Hands by nails were fastened
Opened wide the heavenly door,
And the Ship in tempest sinking
Brought the lost one safe to Shore.

One request in faith outspoken,
Only, ‘Lord, remember me;’
Then the Paradisal promise,
‘Thou to-day with Me shalt be.’

Weak repentance, all unknowing
That for which he made request,
Absolution full and glorious,
And the thief past telling blest.

Thus, dear Lord, we pray Thee hear us,
Grant us more than we desire;
Grant us fullest Absolution,
Thou Who pardoning dost not tire.

All unknowing, yet sore longing,
‘Lord, remember us,’ we pray;
Answer us, O mighty Saviour,
‘Thou shalt be with Me to-day.’

Thou the Paradisal Glory,
Thou the Hope of each sad soul,
Draw us unto Thee, Lord Jesus,
For Thou only art our Goal. Amen.

THE THIRD WORD.

‘Woman, behold thy son !
‘Behold thy Mother !’

CHRIST, our Lord and Master holy,
Bethlehem’s Babe, and Nazareth’s Child,
Hanging on the Cross of anguish,
Bears the sin of man defiled ;
And the Woman’s Seed there rescues
Those the serpent had beguiled.
He the God of all creation,
Born was of a Mother-maid,
He Whose Hands the world were guiding,
As a child at Nazareth played,
He Whom all the angels worship,
Honour to His Mother paid.
See Him to the Cross now lifted,
See the mighty Work begun,
See the Virgin-mother standing
Steadfast as that Work is done ;
Through her soul the sword is piercing—
Never Mother had such Son.
Though she stands in silence by Him,
Well He knows her anguish sore,
And His eyes, now dim in dying,
Look on her with love once more ;
He, bereft of all save sorrow,
For His Mother makes a store,
Lo ! those Lips that lisped at Nazareth,
Once more hail the Mother blest ;
And the Lord of all in dying
Gives St. John His last bequest,
‘ See thy son—behold thy Mother,’
Henceforth unto all address.

Since He cared for His dear Mother,
 Christ our King, before He died,
 Henceforth love to home and parents
 Is for ever sanctified,
 And that blessing from the Rood-tree
 Doth on home-life still abide.

Jesu, sanctify us wholly,
 In our joy and in our grief;
 In our joy be Thou Partaker,
 In our suffering be Relief:
 Yea, in all, O Blessed Master,
 We would follow Thee as Chief. Amen.

THE FOURTH WORD.

‘My God ! My God ! why hast Thou forsaken Me?’

AWFUL now is Calvary’s anguish ;
 We can but in silence kneel
 At the outskirts of the mystery,
 Striving some small part to feel.

In close union with His Father
 Our dear Lord has ever dwelt,
 In all loneliness and sorrow
 There strong comfort He has felt.

‘God, My God, why hast forsaken?’
 Thus the anguished cry goes up,
 As He drains unhelped, in darkness,
 To the dregs that awful cup.

Silence is this Word’s best comment ;
 Let us take this to our heart,
 Was the Father-Name unuttered,
 He in God still held His part.

Should our Father, ever-loving,
Let us feel His chastening rod,
Should the Fatherhood be hidden,
We may hail Him, 'God, *my* God.'

THE FIFTH WORD.

'I thirst.'

MOSES' rod, the hard rock striking,
From it made cool waters burst;
On the rocky height of Calvary
Moses' Master said, 'I thirst !'
And the miracle to Israel
On the Cross we see reversed.

From His Heart a stream of water
Flowed with His Blood's crimson tide—
There the souls for sins repentant
Are for ever purified :
So He gave the Living Water
As He, thirsting for us, died !

Though He now in glory reigneth,
Still He feels that thirsting pain ;
Souls, from whom a draught He asketh,
Let Him plead on now in vain.
Still 'I thirst' is sounding o'er us,
Shall He not an answer gain ?

Strike our rocky hearts, dear Master,
Make the stream of sorrow flow ;
So a draught to Thee we offer,
All unworthy Thee, we know—
Yet Thy taking it, Lord Jesu,
On it merit shall bestow. Amen.

THE SIXTH WORD.

'It is finished.'

THE long, long hours are nearly run,
The sad and mighty Work is done ;
We, watching here in shame and grief,
Now feel the first breath of relief.

The manger-bed, the thirty years,
The bitter life of woe and tears,
The awful Cross are over now,
And He in death His Head may bow.

Yea, 'It is finished,' hear Him cry,
He has done all for us but die ;
And now He dies, the Lord of life,
The Victor sinking in the strife.

O Lord of Love, O King Divine,
Teach Thou our souls this Word of Thine ;
The work that should by us be done,
Alas, we own, is scarce begun !

Life's shadows lengthen, death draws near ;
Then as it comes, O Saviour dear,
Grant we our work, though incomplete,
May place before Thy blessed Feet.

Then finish it, O Lord, we pray ;
So in the Land of endless Day,
Where shades of ill can never lurk,
We may adore Thy Finished Work. Amen.

THE SEVENTH WORD.

'Father, into Thy hands I commend' My Spirit.'

Lo, the sun breaks out at last,
Shadows of the Cross are past ;
Now the Father-Name is spoken,
Ere His Heart in death is broken :
Dare to look at Thy dear Lord,
As He speaks the last blest Word.

See, the hush of death draws nigh,
Now has come His time to die ;
Now the Sacrifice is ending,
Now His soul to God commending,
Jesus speaks—the Passion-shame
Closing with the Father-Name !

All is done ; the ransom paid,
Lamb upon the altar laid,
And the fire of acceptation
Burns the holy blest Oblation ;
And the Broken Body lies
There, a finished Sacrifice.

Thou hast watched the Cross, O soul !
This week it has been thy goal ;
Thou hast followed from the Garden,
Thou hast heard the word of pardon ;
Thou hast wept the grief to see—
Soul, thou now must different be.

Now thy life to Christ commend,
So shall blessed be thy end :
Ask that He, the Conqueror glorious,
Through His Death make thee victorious ;
Ask God's Fatherhood may be
To thee a reality.

GOOD FRIDAY NIGHT.

Now the painful death is o'er,
Christ our Lord is sleeping,
Death nor pain can hurt Him more
Rests He in earth's keeping;
Jesu, Master, may we be
Dead and buried both with Thee.

Resting is each weary Limb,
But His Soul is waking;
To the regions erst so dim
He His way is taking,
Where in yearning, hoping state
Those bound spirits for Him wait.

Ah, the bliss no words can tell
Which each soul is filling,
As through deepest realms of hell
Jesu's Voice is thrilling;
As the time of waiting o'er,
Their Deliverer they adore.

Satan from his place has gone,
Like the lightning falling,
As the Saviour moveth on
To His loved ones calling,
Telling that their night has passed,
And the Day has dawned at last.

Ah, the bliss that passes speech
Which those souls are feeling,
As with words of love to each
Christ is pardon sealing!
Master, to Thee we would raise
For their joy a word of praise.

Soon that Body now asleep
Will awake in glory ;
Guard nor soldiers it will keep,
Past will be death's story,
And in vigour will arise
That our Paschal Sacrifice.

Then, dear Lord, we wait for Thee,
And night is not dreary,
For we know we soon shall see
Morning light so cheery,
And before the light of day
From the tomb Thou'lt take Thy way.

Risen Saviour, may we rise
Out of all earth's sadness,
All things earthly now despise
In the Easter gladness ;
Through the mists Thy Form that veil
Speak to us Thine own ' All hail !'



EASTER.

EASTER EVEN.



ILL has passed this quiet day,
Let us calmly watch and pray,
For we know our Lord will rise
Ere the dawn can gild the skies
So in peaceful happy state
His arising we will wait.

Jesu, buried in the grave,
From all sin Thy people save,
And in recollection sweet
Keep us ever at Thy Feet,
That all this glad Easter-tide
Close to Thee we may abide.

Bury in Thy grave, we pray,
All our sins, that so we may
With glad hearts Thy rising greet,
And with white pure souls Thee meet,
So that Easter joy so true
May our senses all imbue.

Grant us Easter joy, we pray,
That can never pass away;
Though a quiet time it be,
If we spend it close to Thee,

We true Easter joy shall know,
Even on this earth below.

Jesu, when we fall asleep,
Us in Thy protection keep,
That while our frail bodies rest,
Thou, O Lord, our Master blest,
Wilt in safety keep each soul
Till the night away shall roll.

So when morning light shall come
We may in Thy holy home,
Souls and bodies joined once more,
All Thy love to us adore,
Where in Thy dear land of peace
Easter joy shall never cease.



IN THE GRAVE.

By Thy waiting in the grave
From impatience our souls save ;
Teach us, Lord, to wait on Thee,
From all sinful haste quite free ;
By Thy stillness keep us still,
Resting on Thy holy Will.

Jesu, Saviour, we would be
Buried in the grave with Thee,
Learning by Thy fast-closed Eyes
That our own from earth should rise ;
By Thy restful Hands and Feet,
That to wait for Thee is sweet,

Jesu, bury all our sin
Deep Thy silent grave within,

That we may arise with Thee
 From its power for ever free.
 Raise us, Lord, for Thee we wait,
 Thy new life to celebrate.



AN EASTER ALLELUIA.

ALLELUIA ! Christ is risen,
 He is risen no more to die ;
 Alleluia ! we will praise Him,
 Raising hearts and voices high.
 For us on the Cross He languished,
 For us slept within the grave,
 Died for us, that by His dying
 He from death our souls might save.

Alleluia ! Lent is over,
 All Christ's Lenten life of woe
 Spent for man and man's redemption
 On this painful earth below.
 Now the Easter flowers are blooming,
 Lenten shadows all are o'er,
 And our risen King eternal
 With full hearts we now adore.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
 Words and thoughts and anthems fail,
 As we strive with fitting gladness
 Our Redeemer now to hail.
 As the holy women hailed Him,
 Kneeling lowly at His Feet,
 We would grasp Him fast and hold Him
 In calm recollection sweet.

Alleluia ! Blessed Jesus,
Do Thou with our souls abide ;
Keep them Thine that they may know Thee
All this holy Easter-tide.
In the Broken Bread we know Thee
At each glad Communion hour,
As Thou comest in the fulness
Of Thy Resurrection power.

Alleluia ! for the dear ones
Who are sleeping now in Thee,
From all sin, all power of sinning,
From all evil things, quite free.
Alleluia ! we adore Thee
For their calm and holy rest,
Since Thy dying and Thy rising
Makes their last long sleep so blest.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Raise us, Lord, with Thee to-day ;
Raise us from all earthly shadows,
From earth's joys that soon decay ;
Raise us to Thyself, dear Master,
Grant to us Thine Easter peace,
Music that midst earthly discords
Never from our hearts shall cease.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
God the Father now we praise ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
God the Son's arising raise ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Praise we God the Spirit blest ;
Alleluia ! Alleluia !
One in Three for aye confest. Amen.

RISEN.

Now His sleep is ended,
Now His rest is o'er ;
Adam's work is mended,
Death is death no more.
Christ the Paschal Victim slain,
From His grave has risen again.

Now with gladsome voices
' Alleluia !' shout ;
Heaven with earth rejoices ;
Songs of praise ring out.
Those glad songs we put away
Through Lent's hours, ring out to-day.

Christ, His nail-prints showing,
Comes to greet His own ;
By the peace inflowing
Is His presence known.
Whoso Easter hymns would sing
Nail-prints of his own must bring.

With what glad inrushing
Comes the Easter mirth,
After Lenten crushing
Bowed us to the earth !
Who in Lent has never bowed
Easter joy is not allowed.

Sunshine in is streaming
Through church windows bright ;
Flowers on altars gleaming
Tell of Easter light.
Light and flowers we now would bring
In our hearts to Christ the King.

From all earth joys hollow
We would rise to-day,
Christ, Thy life to follow
In its risen way.
Alleluia! risen King!
Hearts and voices to Thee bring.



EASTER.

O YE white-robed choirs, in gladness
Lift to Heaven your songs of praise ;
Now is past the Lenten sadness :
Joyful anthems, then, upraise.
Through the land spread forth the story,
Tell it out once more again :
Jesus Christ, the King of Glory,
Conquers death and all its train.
Breaking from His sealèd prison
Ere the dawn of Easter Day,
He our Lord is now arisen,
Nor could death hold Him as prey.
Let us now, this Prince adoring,
Praise Him for His love so great,
By His death to man restoring
His so sadly lost estate.
Now for death no more be grieving,
Christ has lighted up its way ;
And through death our souls receiving,
There He will not let them stay.
He, the Lord of Life, in dying
Took away the sting of death,
After His most bitter crying,
When He yielded up His breath.

Now each choir in song confesses
 Christ our King of boundless might ;
 Now no more His pain distresses,
 Past it is like dream of night.
 With bright flowers each church adorning,
 Thank we Him, the Lord of all,
 On this glorious Easter morning,
 Ransomed by Him from the fall.
 Alleluia ! King Immortal,
 Alleluia ! unto Thee,
 Breaking through death's gloomy portal,
 From its hold to set us free.
 Alleluia ! now is broken
 All the power of death and sin ;
 Alleluias now outspoken
 Tell of peace our hearts within.
 Jesu, may Thine Easter blessing
 Be with us through all our life,
 Peace of Easter, which possessing,
 We shall never fear the strife.
 Alleluia ! Thou wilt never
 Leave us in our hour of need ;
 Grant an Easter lasting ever,
 Christ our Lord, now risen indeed. Amen.



DEATH OR LIFE.

'As the Lord liveth, and as my lord the king liveth, surely
 in what place my lord the king shall be, whether in death or
 life, even there also will thy servant be.'—2 SAM. xv. 21.

WHETHER in death or life, O Jesus Christ,
 We followed Thee to Thy great death of pain
 At such great distancē, yet did blessings gain ;
 Now strive we through the mist, the glorious mist,

To follow Thee in Thy blest Risen Life.
With Thee, dear King, there would Thy servants be,
Yea, though to follow is a daily strife ;
Yet happy they who Thy dear Foot-prints see.
To whatsoever place Thou, Lord, dost go,
There go we, too ; we cannot stay away.
To death it may be here, but ah ! one day
'Twill be to joyful blessed life, we know,
For all who follow Thee to Thy death-place
Shall in Life's morning look upon Thy Face.



AN EASTER SONG.

CHRIST, Who for us sinners died ;
Christ, so lately crucified ;
Christ, Who, wrapped in spice and myrrh,
Slept within the sepulchre—
Christ hath risen in strength and power ;
Praise His Resurrection hour !

Seed that was in weakness sown,
Tree to fill the world has grown ;
Seed that in the darkness slept,
Hath the world from ruin kept ;
Seed once watered with Blood-shower,
Rises now in glorious power.

Ark, Whose three days' search of pain
Doth for us a rest obtain ;
Cake, Whose own sad overthrow
Satan's power doth all lay low ;
Rod, that, laid in silence by,
Blossoms for eternity.

Treasure, in the garden-shade
Hidden, and our great ransom made ;
Net, that, cast in waters deep,
To its folds our souls doth sweep;
Coin, that, in the cave's mouth laid,
Hath our long-due tribute paid.

Ship, that in the storm did break,
Yet to shore us safely take ;
Vessel, that, from sorrow's sea,
Rises now in majesty ;
Leaven, that, hid within the meal,
Doth our resurrection seal.

Samson, Who hath burst the bound
Of the cave that held Thee round ;
Joseph, placed within the pit
By Thy brothers, hallowing it ;
Joseph, from the pit now ta'en,
Thou Thy brothers' lives dost gain.

Now earth's wilderness doth bloom
In all beauty through Thy tomb ;
Sharon's Rose doth sweetness shed
O'er each mound where sleep our dead ;
Where the valley's Lily grew
Flowers of hope spring forth anew.

By Thy rising, Lord, may we
Newly rise to-day in Thee—
Rise above all worldly din,
And thine Easter blessing win,
That we may, when earth has passed,
Gain an Easter that shall last !



ALLELUIA!

ALLELUIA! Alleluia!

For long weeks that song was hushed,
As we knelt in Lenten sadness
'Neath our weight of evil crushed :
Now the song rings out again,
Gladder for those weeks of pain.

Alleluia! He is risen,
Christ Who on the Rood-tree died,
Who in anguish past all telling
By our sins was crucified ;
He is risen, and never more
Can re-enter death's dark door.

Alleluia! He died for us,
And for us our Master rose
On that first bright Easter morning,
Victor over all His foes ;
And we, following Him, may win
Victory over death and sin.

Alleluia! to all evil,
To all sin, we now must die,
And, by stern self-crucifixion,
To His dying make reply ;
Alleluia! so we may
Taste the joy of Easter Day.

Alleluia! 'tis not hardship
That the grave we enter must ;
Christ, Who has been there before us,
Into flowers will change its dust—
Flowers whose odours sweet will last,
When all earthly life is past.

Alleluia ! when earth's sadness
Is for ever past away,
May we in Christ's Light eternal
Ever keep His Easter Day,
With the saints and angels sing
Alleluias to our King !

Alleluia to the Father,
Alleluia to the Son,
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Ever blessed Three in One ;
Alleluia ! songs of earth
Join the blessed heavenly mirth. Amen.



ST. MARY MAGDALENE IN THE GARDEN.

CHILLY blew the morning air
In the garden sweet and fair ;
But no beauty there was seen
By the weeping Magdalene.

For the Body of the Lord,
Christ the Prince of Life adored—
That was gone, she bowed her head,
Weeping all uncomforted.

True, it was an angel there,
Made the sepulchre all fair—
Christ was gone, no angel might
Comfort Mary then aright.

Weeping still, she turns her round,
Sees the Gardener of the ground :
' They have taken Him away ;
Where is He ? O tell me, pray.'

Mary, raise thine eyes, and see
'Tis thy Saviour come to thee ;
But her eyes, with weeping dim,
Saw her Lord, yet knew not Him.

' Mary ! ' ' Master ! ' that was all ;
At His Feet she low did fall.—
Thoughts are weak ; they follow not
All the bliss of Mary's lot.

But we often, like to her,
Seek our Lord in sepulchre ;
He is risen, and never more
Lies beyond the sealed door.

In a Gardener's quiet dress
Oft He comes our lot to bless,
Gardener of our souls is He ;
Him, though hidden, may we see.

Eyes grown through repentance dim,
May they gladly look on Him !
Men nor angels please us e'er
Till we Jesu's Presence share.

He, the mighty King of kings,
Hidden comes in little things ;
Watchful we must be, unless
We would lose Him in that dress.

To life's garden, when 'tis fair,
Come, O Saviour, seed sow there ;
Come, O Gardener, in the storm ;
Show to us Thy nail-pierced Form.

To our gardens come, we plead ;
Come, and root out every weed ;
Flowers are weak, but weeds are strong :
For a garden fair we long,

Jesu, in the garden seen
By the thrice-blessed Magdalene,
To our souls come now, we pray;
So our night shall turn to day.

And, at last, when life is done,
Take us to the Land of Sun;
There, where weeds can never grow,
Thee as Gardener may we know.



‘SEEN OF CEPHAS.’

IT is veiled, that blissful meeting, when St. Peter
looked once more
On the Face which saints and angels shall eternally
adore.

In Its anguish he had seen It as the coward words
he spoke;
At Its look so grieved and loving straight his heart,
o’er-burdened, broke.

Yet that blessed look and holy kept St. Peter from
despair,
And in after-life cock-crowing did it to his memory
bear.

They who know Christ’s word absolving know what
that dear look conveyed—
And St. Peter died for Jesus, who at one time was
afraid.

Three sad days in grief of spirit did he in the dark-
ness dwell,
Then the Resurrection glory on his heart o’er-
flowing fell.

O the love of Christ the Master, Who doth sinners
ne'er forget,
But so soon with absolution He the contrite Peter
met.

Then his grief was changed to gladness, though the
gladness hurt him more,
And he felt that painful gladness till his earthly life
was o'er.

Jesu, Master, great Absolver, may we feel that holy
pain!

We have sinned, and Thy dear pardon we would in
our sorrow gain.

True contrition's sharpness grant us, grant to us
Thy pardon blest,
That throughout all earth's dissensions on our hearts
in peace may rest.

As Thou once wert seen of Cephas, grant we once
Thy Face may see,
In the holy Easter gladness that shall last eternally.



‘ABIDE WITH US.’

So pray we ever—Lord, with us abide,
Throughout life's morn, and at its eventide;

For without Thee
No peace can be—

But where Thou art, O Jesu, all is right.

There is no joy without Thee, Risen King;
When Thou dost come, Thou every good dost bring;

Thou art our Power
In danger's hour,

And in our times of darkness Thou art Light.

Abide with us, we nothing ask beside ;
 When Thou art here no ill can us betide ;
 But joy and pain
 Must be all gain,
 When Thy blest Presence doth them sanctify.

 Abide with us throughout our earthly life,
 Abide with us while lasts the long fierce strife,
 And, more than all,
 When shadows fall,
 Abide with us when comes our time to die.

 We fear not life, we fear not death with Thee ;
 Thy Presence from all terrors sets us free.
 Death's waters cold
 Our feet may hold ;
 But Thou wilt hold us faster in Thy love.

 O Risen King, with us, we pray, abide,
 Nor let us ever wander from Thy side ;
 That when at last
 Earth-life is past,
 We may be with Thee in Thy home above.



THE POWER OF THE RESURRECTION.

By Thy Resurrection,
 Jesu, Saviour, blest,
 Train us to perfection—
 Take us to Thy rest ;
 Thy dear Crucifixion
 Teaches us to see,
 In all sore affliction,
 Gift sent straight from Thee.

But Thy risen glory
 Draws us higher still,
While we love the story
 Of dark Calvary's hill;
If the tale had ended
 On that dreadful day,
We all, undefended,
 Had been lost for aye.

When in pain we languish,
 Lord, we think of Thee
And Thy bitter anguish
 On the shameful Tree.
Where would be the blessing
 Of Thy death of pain,
If Thou, power possessing,
 Had not risen again?

When in sad reflection
 Think we of Thy death,
Then Thy Resurrection
 Comes like spring-time breath—
Know we our transgression
 Nailed Thee to the tree,
And we make confession,
 Pardoning Lord, to Thee.

But since Thou hast risen
 We may rise as well,
For Thy garden-prison
 Doth of comfort tell;
And we find a token
 That uprise we may,
By Thy prison broken
 On that Easter Day.

Grant, O King Eternal,
In this Easter hour,
By Thy might supernal,
We may know its power ;
Through Thy Resurrection
Know we, we may be,
Once in full perfection,
Dwelling, Lord, with Thee.



EASTER DAY.

ALLELUIA ! Alleluia !
This our Easter song :
We adore our Risen Saviour,
And will rise from wrong ;
On the altar we behold Him
Hidden 'neath a veil ;
He, in Sacramental Presence,
Greets us with ' All hail !'
Alleluia, Blessed Jesus,
We to Thee reply ;
Hold Thy Feet in loving worship,
And ' Rabboni ' cry ;
Hands that tremble for their blessing
Make for Thee a throne,
Hearts that ache for very gladness
Know Thee for their own.
We have watched in bitter sorrow
At Thy Cross of pain—
Alleluia ! now 'tis ended—
Thou art risen again :
As the lark doth soar while singing,
We to Thee would rise—

Up, up, singing and ascending,
Far beyond the skies !

Alleluia ! This blest season
Soon will pass away ;
Yet its gladness, yet its meaning,
In our hearts may stay ;
Empty is the grave for ever,
Grave-clothes laid aside,
And Thou wilt, if we constrain Thee,
Aye with us abide.

Flowers and seeds that seemed quite lifeless
Open in the sun ;
They unfold their fair, sweet petals,
Joying every one.
In our hearts the Easter sunshine
Will draw out sweet flowers,
If we turn to it responsive,
Trusting in its powers.

Now be praise to God the Father,
Praise to God the Son,
Now be praise to God the Spirit—
Blessed Three in One :
Now the Triune God rejoices,
Now the angels sing,
We with hearts for joy o'erflowing,
Alleluias bring. Amen.



DEATH'S DEATH.

THE battle is done,
The victory won,
And henceforth in glory is seated the Son.

Henceforth morning light
Is stronger than night,
For Christ our own Saviour is risen in might.

Death reigneth no more,
Its short triumph o'er ;
Now death to Christ's children is only a door.

Now over the tomb
The fairest flowers bloom,
For Sharon's dear Rose has made holy the gloom.

The angels watch keep
In death's silence deep,
And we on Christ's grave-clothes can lie down
and sleep.

The battle is done,
The victory won ;
But in that hard warfare how suffered the Son !

He suffered and died
That we might abide
In life and in death ever close at His side.

He died us to save ;
He entered the grave ;
He died, and in dying eternal life gave.

He dieth no more,
His anguish is o'er,
And in risen glory our King we adore

The battle is done,
The victory won,
And all loving service is due to the Son.



EASTER FLOWERS.

ALLELUIA! He is risen;
Our own Lord is risen again:
Risen in power, and might, and glory,
Nevermore to die in pain.
Anguish on the Cross He suffered;
Death for love of us He bore—
Now we greet Him living, reigning,
And in songs of praise adore.

Alleluia! alleluia!
He has risen, but not alone;
Henceforth Resurrection blessing
To His children shall be known;
And the dear ones taken from us
Still are ours in Him, we know,
Since His risen power so glorious
Doth in all His members show.

Alleluia! not for ever
Are closed eyes and folded hands;
Death can hold but very loosely,
Since our Lord by each bier stands.
So we kiss our quiet sleepers,
Decking them with flowers so fair;
Hymns of hope we sing above them,
For Christ's risen life they share.

Alleluia! Easter passes,
But its teaching passes ne'er;
For His own the Risen Saviour
Endless Easter doth prepare.
Easter flowers that deck our altars
Quickly will be laid aside;
May Christ's Easter flowers of blessing
Ever in our hearts abide!

Alleluia ! tear-wet faces,
Lonely hearts that sadly yearn,
Those who seem on earth forgotten,
To this feast in hope may turn ;
At His feet Whom, O so truly,
Mary did the Gardener call,
They may gather heart's-ease holy—
He has fitting flowers for all.

Alleluia ! when death's portals
Open stand at our last hour,
May we enter, trustful, hopeful,
Holding fast an Easter-flower ;
Then when waiting-time is ended,
Our eternal great High Priest
With His nail-pierced Hands will draw us
To the endless Easter feast.



THE RISEN SAVIOUR.

THE grave could not hold Him ;
Death could not retain
The Lord of all living
Who liveth again.
He slept on the Rood-tree,
In garden He slept,
And over the still cave
A watch soldiers kept ;
But ere the first dawning
Of fair morning light,
The grave was abandoned,
The Lord risen in might.
Now greet we the Saviour,
The Lord of all breath.

Who in His arising
Hath triumphed o'er death ;
Who in His arising
Would raise us up too,
And with life eternal
His children endue ;
Who raiseth our spirits
From earth-shadows dim
To joy in His rising,
To rise up to Him.

The women came weeping
In anguish of soul,
And questioned who for them
The stone off should roll ;
They saw the grave open,
And angels who said,
' Why seek ye the Living,
The Living with dead ?'
Their Lord had arisen,
He came them to greet,
And in adoration
They knelt at His Feet.

Not in the still cavern
We seek our Lord now,
But at the bright altar
Before Him we bow ;
There, in the deep mystery
Of Sacrament veil,
He gives Paschal greeting,
He speaks His ' All hail !'
Our names He calls gently—
Adoring we say,
' Rabboni, my Master,'
And night turns to day.

We seek for the Living,
 But not with the dead;
 We know Him, our Master,
 In breaking of Bread :
 Through mists of the morning
 We see Him on shore,
 The ship of earth's pleasures
 Can hold us no more;
 And each one He questions,
 'Child, lovest thou Me ?'
 And, trembling, we answer,
 'Yea, Lord, I love Thee.'
 The grave could not hold Him;
 Death could not retain
 The Lord of all living
 Who liveth again.
 Our Saviour hath risen,
 No more He can die,
 And hearts are rejoicing
 And souls lifted high :
 Now death's hold is loosened,
 Yea, death itself dead ;
 The shroud is a fair dress—
 The grave but a bed.



ON THE SHORE.

'Jesus stood on the shore.'—ST. JOHN xxi. 4.

ALLELUIA! Lent is ended,
 Easter-day has dawned once more;
 And our Risen King in glory
 Stands upon the stormless Shore :
 He sank down in death's dark sea,
 Now He rises gloriously.

Alleluia ! Christ our Captain,
Risen, calls us each to Him ;
We will answer, never doubting,
We will cross earth's waters dim :
Though upon the Shore He stands,
He upholds us with His Hands.

Alleluia ! Alleluia !
Death can never touch Him more ;
Frightened dying eyes grow steadfast }
As they see Him on the Shore :
And the sea of death is bright
With the Risen Saviour's light.

Alleluia ! 'tis no strange sea
To which we in death put out,
Safest vessel is provided ;
Our arms clasp Christ's Cross about :
Early be the voyage or late,
Christ upon the Shore will wait.

Christ our Lord and King has journeyed
Through the Red Sea's passage dread ;
There the fierce and angry waters
Closed above His holy Head :
Bitter shipwreck there He bore,
That His own might reach the Shore.

Alleluia ! He is risen,
Death can never touch Him more ;
Storm-tossed, we can hear His greeting
Spoken from the stormless Shore :
We will answer from the sea,
' Risen Saviour, hail to Thee !'



A LASTING EASTER..

As quickly from us Lent-hours went,
So quickly is our Easter spent.
Thou Who hast Easter joy supplied,
Make Thou its peace with us abide—
Make Easter in our hearts, we pray,
An Easter ne'er to pass away.

Christ means the joy for aye to last
When Lenten sorrows all are past ;
On earth we many Lents may see,
But Easter joys in Heaven will be,
And Lenten shadows never come
To those within the Heavenly Home.

O Risen King, upon us shine,
And make Thy people wholly Thine,
And by Thy Resurrection grace,
Away from us all shadows chase ;
So shall our Easter be on earth
A foretaste of the Heavenly mirth.



ASCENSION.

AN ASCENSION LITANY.



OD the Father, God the Son,
God the Spirit, Three in One,
Unto Thee be worship done,
Holy, Blessed Trinity.

God the Son, Who Heaven didst leave,
Coming man's loss to retrieve,
That we might true life receive,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, Who, midst toil and woe,
For our sake didst dwell below,
Life upon us to bestow,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Jesu, on the bitter Tree,
Dying in Thine agony,
From all sin our souls to free,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Christ, Who, after Thy great pain,
From the grave didst rise again,
Thou Whom death could not retain,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Christ Who then, in glorious might,
Went back to the Father's Right,
Passing from Thy servants' sight,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thou Who, in mysterious way,
On the earth with man didst stay,
Yet still dwell in Heaven's bright day,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thou Who up to Heaven didst take
Flesh Thou wearest for our sake,
Who for us a place dost make,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thou Who, passing to Thy throne,
Sent back blessings to Thine own,
Whom Thou didst not leave alone,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Thou Whose Hands still stretch to bless,
Comforting our weariness,
Pardoning all who sin confess,
Hear us, Holy Jesu.

Draw our hearts to Thee on high,
May we to Thy love reply,
After Thy perfections try,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

Draw us from all thought of sin,
Raise us from all worldly din,
Thine Ascension peace to win,
We beseech Thee, Jesu.

Thou Who dost make strong the weak,
Grant we may the highest seek,
As we think, or do, or speak,
We beseech Thee, Jesus.

Grant we may Thy Presence hail
In the Sacramental veil,
Where our earthly senses fail,

 We beseech Thee, Jesu.

When our earthly life shall end,
May our souls to Thee ascend—
Thou our never-tiring Friend,

 We beseech Thee, Jesu.

Grant us Thy upholding grace,
That in Thy most holy place
We may look upon Thy Face,
 We beseech Thee, Jesu.



ASCENSION DAY.

SING we now our Lord's Ascension,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings;
Angel-cohorts greet their Monarch,
 Heaven's glad home with welcome rings;
And the band of earthly orphans
 Unto Him its anthem brings.

Thou hast dwelt in human fashion
 Thirty years with us, dear Lord;
Truest David, our Goliath*
 Thou hast slain with his own sword;
Now in Flesh that flesh has conquered,
 Thou dost take Thy full reward.

As the Queen of Sheba fainted†
 At great Solomon's ascent,
Whereby to God's house of glory
 In his might and power he went,
So we faint, but will not keep Thee;
 Thou dost go with our consent.

* 1 Sam. xvii. 51.

† 2 Chron. ix. 4.

To the Palm-tree in Thy dying*
Thou for us didst once take hold,
Now the Land of Palms before Thee
Spreads, and back its gates are rolled ;
And a wondrous palm procession
Passes through the streets of gold.
Heaven to-day receives a gladness
It has never known before,
As the Feet of Man are treading
First upon the golden floor ;
Angels pause in solemn wonder,
Then in hymns of praise adore.
As at last Thy people saw Thee
With Thy Hands outstretched to bless,
So in faith we now behold Thee
Blessing all our weariness,
And, with nail-pierced Hands uplifted,
Sanctifying our distress.
Not our griefs alone, dear Master,
Thou dost deign to sanctify ;
All our joys through Thine Ascension
Unto Thee are lifted high :
Teach us in our joys and sorrows
To Thy love to make reply.
Jesu, Master, we adore Thee,
Passing to Thy rightful Throne ;
In our powerless hearts, dear Master,
We would have Thy Kingship known,
That by Thee, e'en though it hurt us,
Evil may be overthrown.
Holy Master, do not leave us
Orphaned on this earth, we pray ;

* Cant. vii. 8.

In Thy Presence Sacramental
Do Thou ever with us stay ;
In blest veils may we behold Thee
Till all shadows flee away.
Honour, might, and power and blessing
Be to God the Three in One :
God the Father, God the Spirit,
And to God th' ascended Son,
Endless praise and adoration
Be from men and angels done. *Amen.*



THE ASCENSION.

UP to Heaven's high throne He goes,
Everlasting doors unclosed ;
Where till now no flesh hath trod,
Clothed in Flesh, is Christ our God.
Angel-guards their King receive
To those courts He ne'er did leave ;
Songs of welcome they upraise,
Upward the disciples gaze.
They their yearning vision strain,
Of Him still the sight to gain,
With His Hands outstretched to bless
In His parting tenderness.
Nay, no more they Him will see
Till He comes in majesty ;
Seated on His throne of power,
At the awful judgment-hour.
From their senses go He may,
Yet in truth with them doth stay ;
And the cloud their heads above
Cannot hide His tender love.

Still the cloud His glory hides,
In Heaven's brightness He abides;
And His Presence blest we hail,
Hidden 'neath a different veil.

Christ our King, to Thee we pray,
On Thy glad Ascension-day;
Grant that we may never lean
On those things by senses seen.

Unto Thee our hearts uplift;
From Thee may they never drift;
May each thought, and word, and deed,
Only to Thine honour lead.

Jesu, be Thou glorified,
In this glad Ascension-tide,
With the Sire and Spirit blest,
One in Three for aye confessed. *Amen.*



ASCENSION-TIDE.

ALLELUIA! now ascended
To the Father's own Right Hand,
Christ, where Thou in intercession
For us sinners now dost stand,
Vestured in perpetual Priesthood,
Thou, the One eternal Priest,
For Thine own a Gift dost offer—
For Thine own dost spread a Feast.

Alleluia! now ascended,
For Thy people to prepare
Mansions of eternal glory—
Heavenly mansions ever fair.

We with Thee would fain, ascending,
Leave behind all worldly din,
So in spirit on this Feast-day
To Thine home to enter in.

Alleluia ! now the angels
All their sweetest anthems sing,
As they welcome with their praises
Their returning gracious King ;
Now they greet their King, Who never
Has the Heavenly mansions left,
While His people on the mountain
Of their King feel now bereft.

Alleluia ! with deep gladness
We this Feast-day celebrate,
And we joy our loving Master
Now takes back His royal state ;
Three-and-thirty years He dwelt here,
Drank of every human woe,
That His own might, once ascending,
His unending gladness know.

Alleluia ! Blessed Jesus,
Raise us up to Heaven with Thee,
That, while living here in trial,
We ascended aye may be.
While our feet this earth are treading,
May our souls be lifted high—
By our thoughts and words and actions
Seeking Thee to glorify !

Alleluia to the Father,
Alleluia to the Son,
Alleluia to the Spirit,
Ever-blessed Three in One ;

Glory, worship, adoration,
 Shall be Thine for evermore,
 Whom the holy angel voices
 Worship on the stormless shore. **Amen.**



AN ASCENSION COMMUNION.

THOU Who yesterday ascended
 To the throne of God on high,
 Now art come in condescension
 On my poor weak heart to lie.
 Christ, how can I thank Thy goodness,
 Who, in passing to Thy throne,
 Didst uplift Thy Hands nail-printed,
 Blessing in Thy love Thine own ?
 That dear blessing, Jesu Master,
 Has been made my own to-day ;
 Thou didst promise that Thy Presence
 With Thy people aye should stay.
 Every day upon our altars,
 In the church's holy place,
 Thou dost come that Thine own people
 May take Thee to their embrace.
 And to those who, in their weakness,
 Sadly miss that Service good,
 In the fair and fragrant morning
 Thou dost come to be their Food.
 Thou art mine. O teach me, Master,
 How to thank Thy love aright—
 Which has changed my grief to gladness,
 Into day has changed my night.

Grant by this Thy blest indwelling,
That by living here below
My whole body, soul, and spirit
An Ascension-feast may know.

Looking straight to Thee, my Saviour,
Caring not for earthly things,
Rising to Thee through all trials,
Making of each trouble wings.



THE CORONATION OF THE KING.

THE Coronation-day is here
Of Christ our Lord, our King most dear ;
The victor-diadem adorns
The Brow that wore the crown of thorns.
The angel-hosts have waited long,
And now they greet their King with song ;
And He Who ne'er as God began,
New enters Heaven's high court as Man.
The new-crowned Monarch now we hail,
Passed from our sight within the veil ;
And lips that smile while eyes are dim
Join in the Coronation hymn.
The Father sees the battle done,
And crowns the Co-eternal Son ;
The Holy Spirit soon will go
To crown Christ's finished work below.
Christ reigned on high ere time began ;
Now first He reigns in Heaven as Man :
Now angels know the Name most blest
Which He not always has possessed.

Our King upon the Cross once reigned,
And there salvation for us gained ;
Now reigns He at the Father's Right
In mansions of eternal light.

We greet Thee now, ascended King ;
To Thee our subject-homage bring,
With Father and with Spirit blest,
Co-equal God for aye confessed. Amen.



THE ASCENSION BLESSING.

WHILE He blessed them He was taken from their
eyes so full of love ;
Nail-pierced Hands gave benediction as He passed
to realms above.

Then the soft white cloud received Him, took Him
from their longing gaze—
Took Him ; He, Almighty, did not from His own
Himself upraise.

By the holy angels bidden, back they to their homes
returned ;
While for that dear blessing Presence evermore
their spirits yearned.

We are His ; and still in blessing those dear Hands
outstretch above ;
Faith, not sight, can pierce the veiling placed by
Him in tender love.

He has gone that He may draw us high above all
earthly things,
And, to aid us in that soul-flight, gives He strong
upbearing wings.

He has gone ; yet He is with us, evermore with us
to stay,
Till, by His dear Presence guarded, we shall enter
into Day.

Then in His glad Home of glory He will take away
the veil,
As in trembling adoration our ascended Lord we
hail.

Jesu Lord, ascended Saviour, help us evermore to
bear
In remembrance that last blessing we with Thy dear
Saints may share.

To the cloud-flecked blue above us we look up ; but
Thou dost stay
Out of sight, in Heaven's high gladness, till shall
come the Judgment-day.

As it comes, then Christ our Master, still Thine
Hands uplift to bless,
Save us by Thy benediction from the awful last
distress ;

That we may, by Thine Ascension, to Thee on that
day ascend,
Love and serve Thee in perfection through the life
that ne'er shall end.



THE LAST BLESSING.

'While He blessed them He was parted from them.'—
ST. LUKE xxiv. 51.

THE last expression settling on a face
Which we must shortly put from out our sight,
And in cold earth hide from our fond embrace,
We e'er remember, helped by love's own might.

Last looks—last words, a tenderness so sweet
Clings round them as the scent clings to the rose:
With what full hearts the sayings we repeat
Of those who now in Christ take their repose !
'Tis so with earthly friends ; then how much more
Should we think of our Saviour, as He went
With all His angel-train to Heaven's bright door,
While yet in love above His own He bent.
Think how, with awe and wonder, up they gazed
At their dear Master passing from their view ;
In blessing saw they His dear Hands upraised,
As, blessing them, He passed into the blue.
Thus will we ever think of our dear King,
With Hands upraised in blessing on His own ;
When in our ears earth's doubts and puzzles ring,
Think we Christ blessed us passing to His throne.
O nail-pierced Hands, Thy people ever bless.
Nor ever let our footsteps from Thee stray ;
Be raised above us in our weariness,
Let Thine Ascension-blessing with us stay.
When we would look to Thee, Lord, let no cloud—
No earthly cloud, before us intervene ;
If in Thy tenderness one is allowed,
One side is bright with more than earthly sheen.
Since blessing us, dear Lord, Thou from us went,
Thus will we think of Thee for evermore ;
Strive of our lives to make a glad ascent,
And in our actions Thy dear love adore.



WHITSUN.

WAITING THE GIFT.



OLY SPIRIT, wondrous Gift,
Come, our hearts and minds uplift ;
Come to those who wait for Thee,
Crying out so longingly :
Holy Spirit, come.

Spirit blest, of sevenfold power,
On us all Thy graces shower ;
For Thy holy gifts we long.
We are weak but Thou art strong :
Holy Spirit, come.

Holy Spirit, make us meek,
May we different language speak ;
Words of patience, words of love—
Thine own language, Holy Dove :
Holy Spirit, come.

Come to hearts that fain would be
From all evil passions free ;
Come, Thy Presence we desire,
Kindle in our souls Thy Fire :
Holy Spirit, come.

O Thou Holy Paraclete,
Guide on earth our faltering feet,

Where Thou wilt our footsteps lead ;
Guide us till no guide we need :
Holy Spirit, come.

When the last long shadows fall
Take us to Thy festival,
There to praise with angel host
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost :
Holy Spirit, come.



WHITSUN DAY.

COME down, O God the Holy Ghost,
Upon this longing waiting host,
Descend, O God of love and power,
On all who wait this Whitsun hour.

With God the Father, and with Son,
Thou ever wert and wilt be One ;
Now at our supplicating cry,
Descend upon us from on high.

Thou Who didst move upon the deep
When darkness there its sway did keep,
Move in our troubled hearts, we pray,
And error's darkness clear away.

Thou Who didst in the prophets speak,
From Thee a gift of tongues we seek ;
The ' other tongues ' of kindness blest,
Wherein Thy power shall be confessed.

O Holy Ghost, we wait for Thee,
To Thee all praise and honour be ;
And as we sing of Thee to-day,
Rule in our inmost hearts, we pray.

To those in fierce temptation-heat,
Come as moist whistling wind so sweet ;
And unto those who will not bow
A rushing mighty wind be Thou.

Each holy thought with upward wing,
From Thee we know first has its spring ;
Then fill our hearts of Thy good grace,
That evil things may find no place.

O God the Spirit, unto Thee
With Son and Father glory be ;
Co-equal Three, Eternal One,
To Whom be endless worship done. Amen.



WHITSUN DAY.

HOLY SPIRIT, we beseech Thee,
Take our songs, receive our praise ;
May our faltering anthems reach Thee
As with them our hearts we raise.

Thou Who camest in the rushing
Of a great and mighty wind,
Come, before Thee evil crushing,
Come and fill each willing mind.

With Thy sevenfold gift endow us,
Gentle Spirit, Holy Dove,
Thy great twelvefold fruit allow us—
Fruit to last for aye above.

Holy Spirit, we adore Thee,
Coming to our want and woe :
Lo, we kneel in faith before Thee,
And we will not let Thee go.

We ourselves by sin may leave Thee,
 Yet near us Thou still dost stay,
 Though we daily, hourly, grieve Thee,
 Thou wilt never go away.

While we strive, though in poor fashion,
 Thou wilt strive with us we know ;
 Help us in Thy sweet compassion,
 On us strength and grace bestow.

Come, our slowness onward urging,
 Kindle in us high desire ;
 Come, away all evil purging,
 Light in us Thy holy fire.

Holy Spirit, we adore Thee !
 Grant we may when earth is done,
 Fall in worship low before Thee,
 Praise the blessed Three in One. Amen.



WHITSUN DAY.

'And began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.'

O HOLY GHOST, to Thee we raise
 For Thy descent to-day our praise,
 And fain would thank Thee as we should,
 O Thou the Source of all our good.

O come to us to-day, we pray,
 And all defilements purge away,
 And make our hearts Thy fitting shrine,
 O Holy Ghost, O Power Divine !

Most Holy Spirit, Lord of life,
 Aid us in this our earthly strife ;
 Thou Who for us dost intercede,
 Be Thou our Help in hours of need.

Thou Who dost give the fruit of peace,
Be near us till life's storm shall cease;
While we endure this tossing sea
Captain and Pilot deign to be.

As Thou, O God the Holy Ghost,
Didst on the Feast of Pentecost
Descend on Thine like tongues of fire,
New tongues, O Lord, we now desire.

Not tongues that now acquainted are
With speech of nations near and far,
For 'other tongues' we now beseech—
The tongues of loving, patient speech.

Such 'other tongues,' O Lord, we crave;
From tongues of sin Thy people save.
May we in every word we say
Show forth the power of Whitsun Day!

O Holy Spirit, be our Guide
Throughout the joy of Whitsun-tide,
That so, when seasons change no more,
We may for ever Thee adore. Amen.



THE GUIDANCE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT.

WHEN the way is dark before us,
When we see no step ahead,
When dark clouds are gathering o'er us,
All unknown the path we tread—
Then to God the Holy Spirit
Cry we out with all our soul,
Asking Him, through Jesu's merit,
Faltering footsteps to control.

When our life-threads all are tangled,
And we almost in despair
Look on work so torn and mangled—
Ruin we can scarcely bear—
Then the Holy Ghost will guide us
If we let Him work His will;
As Director stand beside us,
And our life with order fill.

He our Guide will fail us never;
Why, then, should we be afraid?
If we only trust Him ever,
Always He will be our aid;
From the troubles that perplex us
Safely He will lead us out,
In temptations all that vex us
He will come to solve our doubt.

Thou hast bade us not to grieve Thee;
Holy Spirit, Thee we love;
As our Guide we will receive Thee,
From Thy guidance will not rove.
Thou, of sevenfold grace the Sender,
Holy Ghost, we trust to Thee.
Blessed Spirit, wise and tender,
Ever guide us lovingly.

When our heart and brain are aching,
Knowing not what we should choose,
Which of outspread paths be taking,
May we then Thy guidance use!
Thy 'right judgment' then be giving
To each weak and burdened heart,
So we in the land of living
Shall at last take up our part

Guide us onward to the mansion
Where no touch of ill can come,
Where with soul's most full expansion
We shall find in Thee our Home.
Holy Trinity, we bless Thee,
And when this short life is done
Trust we ever to possess Thee,
Holy Father, Spirit, Son. Amen.



A PRAYER TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

Most Holy Spirit, with Thy light
Come down, and make our darkness bright.
Right judgment grant in all we do ;
Full understanding grant Thou too.

For we are blind and miss the way
Unless Thou light us with Thy ray ;
Unless Thou guide our steps aright,
Our path will end in darkest night.

Enlighten Thou our souls within ;
Convince us of our every sin.
Grant we our every fault may see,
And truly grieved for each may be.

O Holy Spirit, Lord of life,
Give Thou us wisdom in the strife.
Thy sevenfold gifts upon us shower,
And aid us in temptation's hour.

Who rests on Thee is strong and glad ;
Who knows Thee not is weak and sad.
Teach us to value Thee aright,
O Spirit blest, of sevenfold might !

Thou at our Confirmation hour
 Didst come to us in love and power ;
 Be strong within us all our life,
 Be strong for us in death's last strife.

Thee with the Father we adore,
 And with the Son for evermore ;
 Co-equal Thou wilt ever be,
 Three Persons, Blessed Unity. Amen.



WHITSUN LIGHT.

'Every one that doeth evil hateth the light ; neither cometh to the light, lest his deeds should be reprov'd. But he that doeth truth cometh to the light.'—GOSPEL, WHITSUN MONDAY.

DEEDS of light will bear the light,
 Deeds of darkness love the night ;
 Light loves light, and cannot bear
 In night-hours to have a share :
 Light is lovely, light is sweet ;
 We all light would gladly greet.

If one takes a flower so bright
 Into darkness from the light,
 In that darkness well we know
 All its colour fair will go ;
 Scent and colour both will fly
 Ere that once bright flower will die.

So if we ourselves withdraw
 From the Light, so full of awe,
 If we seek for night's dark shade,
 Then good things will from us fade ;
 Graces all Light in us kept,
 From us will be quickly swept.

At this time our hymns we raise
To the Holy Spirit's praise ;
He Who came in tongues of fire,
He Who is our heart's desire,
He is Light, and Him we greet—
God, the Blessed Paraclete.

May He grant to us His Light,
Chase away all clouds of night ;
Show us, while we shrink in shame,
What in us from darkness came :
From us darkness drive away,
Give us grace in Light to stay.

So when endless Light shall come,
We in Heaven's eternal Home
May enjoy the Light so blest—
On the Light undazzling rest,
Praising with the heavenly host
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.



TO THE MOST HOLY SPIRIT.

HOLY SPIRIT, God most blest,
Through earth's noise on Thee we rest :
Holy Spirit, Love-Divine,
Look on us, for we are Thine.

At the font Thy children made ;
Then, when bishop's hands were laid
On our heads, Thou cam'st in power
At our Confirmation hour.

Gentle Spirit, well we know
Thou with us through life dost go,

Checking evil, making strong
Those who fain would keep from wrong.

Holy Spirit, be Thou near
When temptations make us fear—
Teach, O teach our hands to fight;
Give Thou triumph to the right.

In all sorrow's furnace-heat
Thou art Comforter most sweet;
When our hearts in coldness sink
Thou art Fire, we love to think.

When the last great strife is nigh,
Listen to our earnest cry;
When in death our senses fail,
Still Thy Presence we would hail.

Through the Paradisal rest
Be with us, good Spirit blest;
And when shadows flee away,
Be our own in perfect Day.

Holy Spirit, Thee we praise,
Unto Thee our anthems raise,
Thou with Father and with Son,
God Eternal, Three in One. Amen.



A HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

GOD the Spirit, without Thee
None can ever holy be;
To our waiting hearts, then, come,
Make in them Thy Temple-home.
Where Thou art is peace and light—
Where Thou art not stormy night.

Holy Spirit, in us shine,
Fill our hearts with Light Divine;
Thou art of all strength the Source.
Guide us with Thy gentle force,
Keep us in the narrow way,
Lead us to unending day.

Be Thy love about us spread
As this earthly way we tread;
When its pathway leads to death,
As we draw our last long breath,
Holy Spirit, then be near,
So death's shade we shall not fear.

Blessed Spirit, unto Thee
Thanks and praise for ever be :
With the Father and the Son,
One in Three, and Three in One—
God Eternal, King Divine—
Be all worship ever Thine. Amen.



A PRAYER OF PREPARATION.

TEACH us, Holy Spirit, how
At the altar we must bow ;
How to greet our Guest aright,
Who will come with morning light.

Holy Spirit, Strength of all
Who for Thy strong aid will call,
Fit us, O Thou Spirit blest,
To receive our coming Guest.

Thou Who gave th' Apostles speech,
Now that same gift to us reach ;
Grant us other tongues to-day,
Teach us how to rightly pray.

Thou Whose interceding tones
Are unutterable groans,
Give us dispositions good
To receive the Holy Food.

When to-night we sink in sleep,
Watch near us, good Spirit, keep ;
So in sleep, of Thy good care,
We shall for our Guest prepare.

Nought we know, O Wisdom Blest ;
May we be of Thee possessed !
Then our hearts shall furnished be
For the King's own Majesty.



TRINITY.

TRINITY SUNDAY.



THOU Thrice-holy Trinity,
O Thou Eternal Unity,
Fain would our lips to-day upraise
To Thee a fitting song of praise.

Great Three in One, words are too weak
To all Thy praise and glory speak;
But grant, O Lord, the life we live
May praise and worship to Thee give.

O may this wondrous threefold frame
For ever glorify Thy Name,
That body, soul, and spirit may
Their fitting homage to Thee pay.

And may each thought and deed and word
To Thee their worship well accord—
A threefold worship which will be
Accepted, Holy Trinity.

That so, when earth away has passed,
We may attain our Home at last,
And Thee, Thrice-holy God, adore
For ever on the Heavenly Shore. Amen.

FOR TRINITY SUNDAY.

O FATHER of Perfection,
 O Christ the Resurrection,
 O Holy Ghost, Protection;
 The holy angels praise Thee,
 Our faltering tongues upraise Thee,
 Creation worship pays Thee.

O Father of Creation,
 O Bringer of Salvation,
 O Spirit, Consolation;
 O Light all light excelling,
 O Peace all doubt dispelling,
 O Spirit in us dwelling;

O Father, good creating,
 O Saviour, for us waiting,
 O Spirit, consecrating;
 O Father, grace supplying,
 O Saviour, for us dying,
 O Spirit, sanctifying—

We worship and adore Thee,
 In faith we bow before Thee,
 And for Thy grace implore Thee.

Amen.



A PRAYER TO THE HOLY TRINITY

God the Father, hear Thy children,
 Crying to Thee from earth's mist;
 Of our needs we now are telling,
 Weary not of such long list—
 Nay, we come in faith to Thee,
 Ne'er of us Thou'lt weary be.

God the Son, we come now asking
All we need through Thy dear Name ;
Thou dost love to hear us praying,
Thou wilt no petition blame
If 'as Thou wilt' is its end,
If our wills with Thy will blend.
God the Spirit, come and help us,
Teach us how to pray aright ;
Teach us how to love God truly,
Keep us children of the Light :
Thou Who in Thy love dost deign
In our hearts to aye remain.
God, the Three in One, we praise Thee ;
One in Three we Thee adore.
May we worship in perfection
When this earthly life is o'er,
And, where can no hindrance be,
Praise the Blessed Trinity ! Amen.



THE TRINITY FESTIVAL.

'A door was opened in heaven.'—EPISTLE, TRINITY SUNDAY.

'Came to Jesus by night.'—GOSPEL, TRINITY SUNDAY.

By night we come, the night of earth,
To hear of things of better worth !
And on this holy festal day
On highest themes our thoughts to stay.
Our festal times have nearly run ;
But ere our anthems high are done,
With solemn joy we gladly greet
This feast so awful and so sweet.
We keep this feast of mystery,
And praise the Blessed Trinity ;
We dare in thought to Heaven to press,
And pause its open door to bless.

Our eyes are blind from earthly things,
The mist of earth about them clings ;
Our ears are dull, and earthly din
Would fain let no high anthem in.

Yet in a dim uncertain way
We hear and see blest things to-day ;
The glorious throne, the blazing fire,
The praises of the heavenly choir.

Those restful, restless ones who raise
Their ceaseless song of holy praise,
And they who in their zeal cast down
Before the Throne each holy crown.

The high winds blowing where they list
Have yet the meanest flow'ret kissed ;
And God our praise will deign to hear
Amidst the heavenly anthems clear.

That God is One, that God is Three,
We hold uncomprehendingly :
God, Three in One, in hymns we bless,
While our small knowledge we confess.

What matter that we nothing know ?
Faith truest knowledge can bestow—
The knowledge that will once be right
(O blessed thought !) in heavenly light.

With our unholy lips we dare
In angel-praises now to share ;
And, singing, from our hearts desire
The cleansing touch of coals of fire.

And midst our praise, with pain we long
To gain at last the perfect song,
And, in Heaven's endless festival,
Before God with fit praises fall.

HYMN TO THE HOLY TRINITY.

O God of all creation,
Thee God of gods we praise,
Our glory and salvation,
To Thee our hymn we raise ;
Accept the adoration
Thy Church now to Thee pays.

O God the Father, bless us,
As at Thy Throne we bend ;
O God the Son, possess us,
Our never-tiring Friend ;
O Holy Ghost, confess us
When earthly life shall end.

O God, true God Eternal,
Our souls Thou hast set free
From Satan's host infernal
That we may live to Thee,
And, in Thy joys supernal,
The Blessed Vision see.

Thou Who in love hast made us,
O Blessed Three in One,
Deign from Thy Throne to aid us ;
In Thee be labour done.
When darkest shades invade us,
Then take us to the Sun.

We praise Thee and adore Thee,
O Three in One most high ;
In worship fall before Thee,
And for fit service try ;
And for pure hearts implore Thee,
As we 'Thrice Holy' cry.

HYMN.

ETERNAL God, all praise to Thee
From all Thy creatures ever be ;
From Angels in Thy Home of light,
From mortals in this earthly night.

The Father blest we bow before,
His tender Fatherhood adore ;
For love of us He gave His Son,
That to His love we might be won.

We praise the Blessed Son most high,
Who came to earth for us to die ;
Who bore that bitter death of pain,
That we eternal life might gain.

To God the Holy Paraclete,
We offer worship as is meet ;
Who tirelessly doth sanctify
Those souls who to Him lift their cry.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, praise be done :
The co-eternal glorious Three,
One God throughout eternity. Amen.



THREEFOLD WORSHIP.

O HOLY GOD, blest One in Three,
Thy people strive to worship Thee,
Although uncomprehendingly.

O Light most blest, Thou Source of light,
We come to Thee in earthly night,
And fain would worship Thee aright.

Before Thy perfectness we lie,
And faltering tongues 'Unclean' must cry;
Do Thou a coal of fire supply.

Creation in its threefold frame,
Thy threefold glory doth proclaim,
And tell the Source from whence it came.

Sun, moon, and stars, that threefold light,
Tell of Thy glory and Thy might,
Nor cease their praise by day or night.

The ninefold order, three times three,
Of angels ever worship Thee,
And scarcely dare Thy light to see.

Three tabernacles to Thee rise,
Heaven, earth, and quiet Paradise,
And each a meed of praise supplies.

This threefold frame that Thou hast made—
Spirit and soul in flesh arrayed—
Must join the worship to Thee paid.

O God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
One threefold praise to Thee be done.

Amen.



THE TWO SONGS.

'Holy, holy, holy !'
'How long, O Lord ?'

THEY are singing the Ter-Sanctus,
In the Church of God below;
And the choir upraise their voices
In the chanting sweet and slow.

They are raising the Ter-Sanctus,
In the Church Expectant there ;
Dear ones who have gone before us,
Whom we only reach by prayer.

They are singing the Ter-Sanctus,
In the Church of God above ;
And the angels veil their faces,
In an ecstasy of love.

We fall on our knees before Him,
When troubles around us throng ;
And cry with hands uplifted :
' O Lord, how long ? how long ?'

And sometimes the Church Expectant
Will pause in its triumph-song,
And cry in its patient waiting :
' O Lord, how long ? how long ?'

'Tis only the Church Triumphant
Ne'er ceases its song of praise,
And the angels never falter
In the notes of joy they raise.

Lord of the Church Universal,
When this short life shall be o'er,
May we join the angels singing,
For ever and evermore !



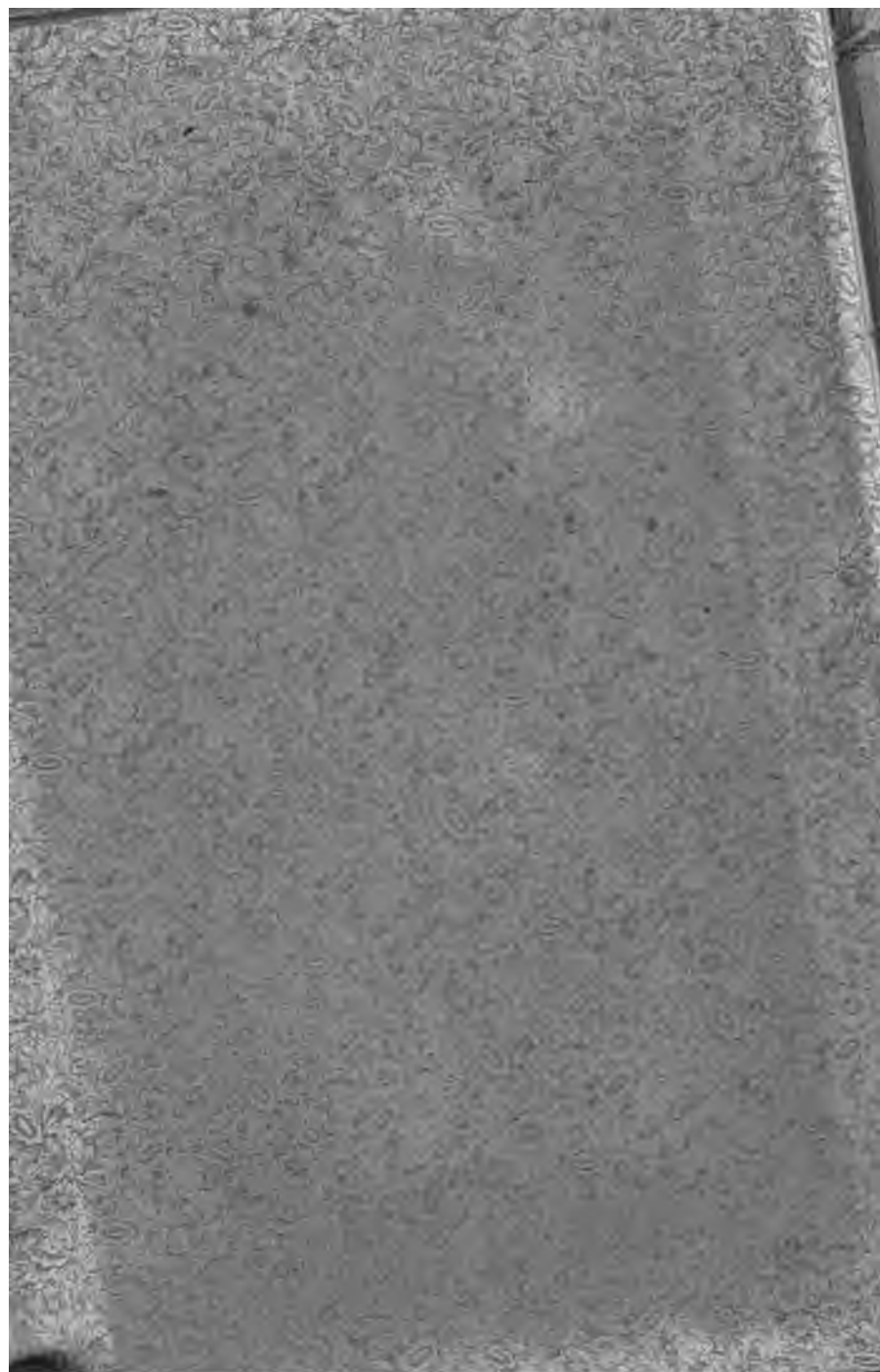
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